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A warning for fair women.



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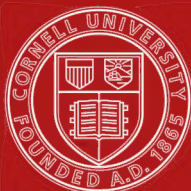
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A WARNING

FOR

FAIR WOMEN.





11

A WARNING  
FOR  
FAIR WOMEN.



Edited, With An Introduction And Notes

BY

A. F. HOPKINSON.

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FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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A WARNING FOR FAIR WOMEN was entered on the Stationers' registers Nov. 17, 1599, by William Aspley. It must have issued from the press almost immediately, as the following title-page sufficiently shows: *A Warning for Faire Women, containing The most Tragicall and Lamentable Murther of Master George Sanders of London, Marchant, nigh Shooters Hill; consented unto by his owne wife, acted by M. Browne, Mistress Drury, and Trusty Roger, agents therein; with their seuerall ends. As it hath beene lately diuerse times acted by the right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruantes. Printed at London by Valentine Sims for William Aspley. 1599. 4to. b. l.*

There was no transfer of copyright, nor was there another edition issued until 1878, when Mr. R. Simpson published a *verbatim* reprint of the old quarto in vol. II of his *School of Shakespeare*. Mr. Simpson did not divide the play into acts or scenes, and retained the old spelling. In 1893 I made an 8vo. reprint of the play, and divided it into acts and scenes, and also marked the location of the latter. In Sep. 1901 Prof. G. H. Camerlynck collated my reprint with the old copy in the Dyce collection

at South Kensington, and discovered two or three unimportant omissions and misreadings. In the present edition these have been inserted or corrected, and are duly mentioned in their proper place in the notes at the end of the play. Mr. Collier gives a brief notice of the play, with a few extracts, in his *History of Dramatic Poetry*, vol. II. 440-1; an exhaustive and appreciative examination of it will be found in Mr. J. A. Symond's *Predecessors of Shakspeare*, and short articles in Mr. Fleay's *Life of Shakspeare*, and *A Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*.

*A Warning for fair Women* belongs to that class of dramatic composition which Mr. Collier appropriately describes as 'domestic tragedy'; that is, an appalling crime was committed which made a great stir in the country, and for some cause connected with it, excited the popular interest. The theme was at once seized by the dramatist, or ballad-maker, and worked up—often hastily and indigestibly—with all its naked realism, into a play or a ballad. Probably ballads were written on the events dramatised in *A Warning*, but if there were they have not, unfortunately, come down to the present time. Beside this play, there are several other noteworthy specimens of this class of domestic drama extant, viz., *Arden of Feversham*, *A Yorkshire Tragedy*,—both attributed on substantial grounds to Shakespeare—and Yarrington's *Two Tragedies in One*; others of the same description, such as *Page of Plymouth*, *The Bristol Tragedy*, *The Stepmother's Tragedy*, and the *Tragedy of John Cox of Columpton*, were written and probably acted, but only the bare titles have descended to us. Some of these plays,

as in the case of *Arden* and *A Warning*, were not written until several years after the commission of the crime; others, such as *Page of Plymouth* and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, were founded on crimes of comparatively recent occurrence. Accounts of the perpetration of the class of crimes such as the above tragedies are based on, are, from an early date, frequently mentioned in the annals of our criminal jurisprudence.

Date of writing.—*A Warning* was published in 1599, but it is manifestly a much older play by some years. ✓ I have not succeeded in finding any internal note of time that will enable one to positively fix the date of production. Such internal evidence, however, as can be gathered, viz, the structure of the blank verse, the introduction of allegorical personages, the chorus and elaborate dumb-show before each act—which seldom appear in plays written after 1590—all point conclusively to an early date. The title-page says the play appears ‘as it hath been *lately* divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlain’s servants’, which may be quite true in point of fact; but the scrap of evidence is not of much value, for the title-pages of other plays show that the term was construed in a very lax way, and might mean five, ten, or more years back, besides the fact of its having been *lately acted* does not prove that it was *lately written*, and therefore is not of much service in fixing the date of production. To suppose it was written only a short time before its publication in 1599 is palpably erroneous—the play must be dated at least nine or ten years earlier. Mr. Collier and Prof. A. W. Ward agree in assigning an early date—the former says shortly before 1590. Mr. Collier has

sought to fix the date of an old ballad by the mention in it of the business hour on the Exchange, which is stated to be 'twixt twelve and one; the hour during the latter years of Elizabeth's reign and the early years of James I's, was between eleven and twelve. Haughton's comedy, *Englishmen for my Money*, printed in 1616, but written in or about 1598, shows that the merchants then attended 'Change at eleven o'clock and dined at twelve. In *A Warning* mention is made of Mr. Sanders attending the Exchange both in the morning and at night; the following passage from ii. 3 is evidence in point:—

'*Roger*. First know  
That in the morning, till 'twas *nine* o'clock,  
I watched at Sanders' door till he came forth;  
Then followed him to Cornhill, where he stayed  
*An hour* talking in a merchant's warehouse.  
From thence he went directly to the *Burse*,  
And there he walked *another hour* at least,  
And I at 's heels. By this it struck *eleven*,  
Home then he comes to dinner.'

Here the business hour on the Exchange is pretty clearly indicated—from ten to eleven o'clock. If this evidence be of any value, it goes to show that *A Warning* must have been written some years before Haughton's play, although I do not consider it conclusive; nevertheless the point is worthy of consideration. There is another item of time evidence which should be mentioned. In iv. 2, Master James tells a story of a woman, who had murdered her husband at Lynn, being so conscience stricken at witnessing a play on a similar subject, that she there and then confessed her guilt. The same story



is told by Heywood in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, and a scrap of stage history is given which is not mentioned in *A Warning*. Heywood says:—‘At Lin in Norfolk, the then Earl of Sussex’ players acting the old *History of Friar Francis*, and presenting a woman, who insatiately doting on a young gentleman, the more securely to enjoy his affection, mischievously and secretly murdered her husband,’ etc. Here the play, *Friar Francis*, and the company who acted it, Sussex’, are mentioned, and for the purpose of settling the point it becomes necessary to enquire when the ‘old *History of Friar Francis*’ was produced, and which Sussex’ company was it that played it. Unfortunately the play is non-extant and very little is known about it; that little is found in Henslowe’s *Diary*, where an entry is made of the play being acted at the Rose theatre by Sussex’ men. There were three performances, the first being on Jan. 7, and the last on Jan. 20, 1593. The marginalia, n. e.—i.e. new interlude—which Henslowe usually affixed to a new play, is not attached to this entry. The Sussex’ men who performed the play in agreement with Henslowe, played under the patronage of Henry Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex; they sprang into existence about 1591—being composed principally of the actors who had formed the Queen’s players—and ceased to exist as a definite theatrical company somewhere about 1593. If this was the company that acted *Friar Francis* in Lynn, which had such effect on the conscience of the guilty woman as mentioned in iv. 2 of *A Warning*, it clearly demonstrates that the play could not have been written until after Jan. 1593. I do not think it was this Sussex company who acted the play at

Lynn. There was an earlier set of players belonging to Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, who was Lord Chamberlain from 1576 to 1583; the existence of this company lies between 1577 and 1583, and I believe these are the players that acted *Friar Francis* at Lynn. Heywood speaks of the play as the *old History*, and that will probably explain the absence of n. e. against Henslowe's entry; the performance at the Rose in 1593 was no doubt a revival. Heywood does not say which company it was; his words are 'the then Earl of Sussex' players'; the probability is he did not know, and was too indolent to enquire; that he here wrote in a loose, shilly-shally way is proved by his story of the *Four Sons of Aymon*. That play—also non-existent—was written by Robert Shaw in 1602, and the story connected with it, related so circumstantially by Heywood in 1612, appeared in *A Warning for Fair Women* published in 1599. See the story told by the Mayor of Rochester in iv. 2. If I am right in concluding that *Friar Francis* was acted at Lynn by the earlier Sussex' company—and my conclusion is supported by the opinion of Mr. Collier—then the latest date limit for writing *A Warning* would be the end of 1590. In my former reprint I set down the date of production as 1588-9; but I find I had not then sufficiently studied the bearing of Heywood's statement on the evidence, and was further misled by supposing the play to have been first acted by the Queen's men at the Theatre. Under these circumstances I think the evidence already given warrants me in fixing the date of writing towards the end of 1589 or early in 1590—a year later than my previous decision.

Stage history.—Production on the stage would, no doubt, immediately follow writing of the play, but, as in the case of writing, the evidence as to the company who presented it, and the theatre where it was performed, is meagre and unsatisfactory. The evidence as to date of writing, if it be accepted as sound, proves that the statement on the 1599 title-page could not have referred to the first production on the stage. I do not doubt that the Chamberlain's men—Shakespeare's company—acted the play, but it must have been between 1594 and the time of publication, and in that respect the announcement that it was 'lately' acted by them may be true; they probably obtained possession of the play from Pembroke's men between the above-mentioned years. In my previous reprint I thought the play must have been produced by the Queen's company at the Theatre; but I have since changed my opinion, and now, judging by such evidence as can be brought to bear on the point, I think it must have been presented by Pembroke's men at the Curtain in the season 1589-90. The evidence is largely conjectural, and depends to some extent on the right or wrong interpretation of an obscure stage direction in the play itself. In iv. 3, the following direction occurs:—'*Enter Mayor, Browne, a Messenger, another, and M. HUMPHREY.*' For a long time this M. Humphrey puzzled me, and I could not understand who he was, or what bearing he had upon the scene; the matter was further complicated by his saying or doing nothing in this scene or in any other part of the play, and in the end I was reduced to the conclusion that he was some functionary in attendance on the Mayor of Rochester. I

am now inclined to interpret the mysterious name as intended for Master Humphrey Jeffs, an actor, and suggest in explanation of the blunder, that the name was marked on the margin of the playhouse MS. which the printer, through carelessness or ignorance, incorporated with the text. Instances of such mistakes are not infrequent in our old plays; the same thing occurs in 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1, and in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*. Humphrey Jeffs was a member of Pembroke's players from 1589 to 1597. If this conjecture be correct, and I do not see how the circumstance can be otherwise explained, it goes a long way towards proving that *A Warning* must have been first played by Pembroke's men. There is nothing to show that Humphrey Jeffs was ever connected with the Chamberlain's men, the only other company that has been suggested or could possibly have played *A Warning*. In 1589-90 Pembroke's men occupied the Curtain, and in my opinion that is the theatre where this play was first performed. Of its later stage history nothing is known beyond the fact that it was revived by the Chamberlain's men sometime before 1599, the year in which it was published; how it got from Pembroke's men into the hands of the Chamberlain's I am unable to explain, but at that time plays frequently changed hands. The probability is, *A Warning* was never a very popular play either on the stage or in the reading-room; this, I think, is shown by the fact that only one early edition was issued; in this respect it contrasts rather unfavourably with a kindred play, *Arden of Feversham*, of which three editions were called for in forty years.

Authorship.—*A Warning* was published anonymously,

and no tradition appears to have descended as to who was the author. The first to indicate the authorship was Edward Phillips who, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675, ascribed it to John Lyly. Upon what foundation he made the ascription, or whether he was merely acting on some current tradition is unknown; he only mentions the play, among Lyly's other known plays, without giving any reason for the assignment. This would seem to show that at the time Lyly was known or generally accepted as the author. Winstanley and Wood also give the play to Lyly, but I think they were merely following Phillips rather than acting on any independent testimony or original research. Here, however, is a direct imputation of authorship, and the claim must be examined on its own merits. After a careful examination of Lyly's plays, I am unable to find any evidence that would warrant me in endorsing the ascription of Phillips, or the support given to him by Winstanley and Wood. Occasionally the phraseology in *A Warning* does resemble the phraseology in Lyly's comedies, but in every other respect there is a marked distinction between this play and Lyly's; the method, thought, expression, the evolution of plot and character are quite different to his well-defined style. Fairholt rejects the work from his edition of Lyly, I think rightly, and the only value attached to the ascription is that it shows there was ground, in the middle of the seventeenth century, for believing the play to be of early date.

Mr. Fleay dates the play 1598-9, and attributes the authorship to Thomas Lodge; in support of the ascription he suggests a comparison between the Induction to

*A Warning*, and the Induction to *Mucedorus*, a play also attributed by him to Lodge. These Inductions are worth comparing, but I do not recognise or admit the similarity. This mistake, I think, arises from insisting on too late a date of writing, coupled with the fact that there was no other dramatist, except Shakespeare and Jonson, writing for the Chamberlain's men at that time (1598-9), to whom it could be given. I do not regard the ascription of this play to Lodge as a satisfactory settlement of the question of authorship, and therefore dismiss it with that of Phillips, Winstanley, and Wood. As in the case of *Lyly* there is a certain resemblance in the play to Lodge's phraseology (some instances are given in the notes), but beyond that I have failed to discover any resemblance, either in tone or style, to Lodge's work, judging by his known productions.

If internal evidence be of any value, I think there is ample testimony to warrant the ascription of *A Warning* to Thomas Kyd. This was my opinion in 1893, and a continued study of the play has endorsed it. All of his plays were published anonymously, and the date—supposing my hypothesis of 1589-90 as the time of writing be correct—would fit in with his period on dramatic activity. The fact that it was not printed till 1599 cannot reasonably weigh against this hypothesis; many plays were not printed until years after they were written—e.g. *The Birth of Merlin*, written c. 1622, pub. 1662. Apart from these considerations there are many coincidences in it, as regards tone, style, method of work, etc., which agree with Kyd's known style—a style that is, perhaps, more strongly marked in him than in any

other Tudor dramatist. All of his plays abound, more or less, in allegorical personages, chorus, dumb-show, murder, bloodshed and lust. These characteristics appear as a fundamental part in the structure of *A Warning*. In this play occurs the rare circumstance of an execution actually taking place before an audience; this is paralleled in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, iii. 6, where Pedringano is 'turned off' by the hangman. *The Spanish Tragedy* was intended by Kyd to be in four acts, each act having before it a chorus; *A Warning*, also, was intended by its author to be in four acts, each act being preceded by a chorus and dumb-show, which stops at the fourth act. The Elizabethan versions of Seneca's *Thebais* and *Octavia* were in four acts. Thomas Nash twitted Kyd with being a famished follower of Seneca, and the Senecan element in his plays to some extent justified the sarcastic sneer. This Senecan element enters largely into the composition of *A Warning*—especially in the choruses, and is employed in much about the manner as Kyd used it. Kyd was addicted to the use of alliteration; the same idiosyncrasy is developed in *A Warning*. Kyd had a set of pet phrases—incident to each play—which he trotted out and repeated at every opportunity; the same thing occurs in *A Warning*. Kyd was a firm believer in the doctrine that murder will out, and that Justice would be triumphant in the end; this is iterated and emphasised throughout *The Spanish Tragedy*; a few examples will suffice.—

‘ Murder cannot be hid ;

Time is the author both of truth and right.’ ii. 5, 58-9.

‘ For blood with blood shall be satisfied.’ iii. 6, 35.

‘Ay, heaven will be revenged of every ill ;  
Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid.’ iii. 13, 2-3.

In *The Murder of John Brewen*, a prose tract by Thomas Kyd, the same thing is found ; thus :—

‘Yet the blood of the just Abel cried most shrill in  
the ears of the righteous God for vengeance and revenge  
on the murderer.’

Again :—

‘The Lord give all men grace by their example to shun  
the hateful sin of murder, for be it kept never so close,  
and done never so secret, yet at length the Lord will  
bring it out ; for blood is an incessant crier in the  
ears of the Lord, and he will not leave so vile a thing  
unpunished.’

In *A Warning* the belief in this doctrine is expressed in just the same manner, and leaves scarcely a doubt but that the expression emanated from the same mind. The following lines parallel what has been given above.—

‘Let blood be paid with blood in any man.’ iii. 5, 45.

‘Measure for measure, and lost blood for blood.’ iv. d. s. 35.

‘Heaven will have justice shown.’ iv. 1, 37.

‘Heaven will take due revenge on murther.’ iv. 5, 35.

In *A Warning*, iv. 3, stories are told of the effect produced on the conscience of a guilty person by the representation of a murder play ; in all probability the same thing occurred in the early *Hamlet*, as it does in the later version, and there seems a growing tendency to the belief that Kyd had a hand in that performance. There is a great similarity between the Induction to *A Warning*, and the Induction to Kyd’s *Soliman and Perseda*, and the resemblance is not merely verbal. The Induction is given in the Appendix, so the opportunity for comparing will



be in the reader's hand. In *A Warning* there are several scenes which Mr. J. A. Symonds very appropriately terms bye-scenes, that is, scenes which have no particular bearing on the conduct of the play yet are a part of it; these scenes are ii. 2 (the part with Old John, his maid, and John Beane), iii. 2, 4, and iv. 7. Kyd was addicted to the same thing, cf. *The Spanish Tragedy*, i. 1, 2, and *Soliman and Perseda*, i. 5. Kyd was born to the trade of 'noverint', and perhaps spent a few years in the office of his father who was a scrivener; in *A Warning*, iv. 4, the indictments of Browne, Anne Sanders and Drury, with their legal jargon, points to the probability of their having been drawn up by one accustomed to copying legal documents. All Kyd's plays, with the exception of his translation of Garnier's *Cornelia*, were issued anonymously; so was *A Warning*. Kyd, like Shakespeare, was comparatively free from that gross indecency which disfigures so much of the work of the old dramatists; in *A Warning* there is the same freedom from indelicacy.

The phraseology of this play strongly favours the ascription of it to Kyd; many instances of similarity in this respect will be found in the notes. Of itself I do not attach supreme importance to the identity of phraseology in determining authorship, but where it is supported by such evidence as that given above, I think it carries a preponderating weight, and forms the last link in the chain of conviction. Kyd's tract, *The Murder of John Brewen*, tells the story of a crime similar to that on which *A Warning* is founded, and in each case the motive is the same. The cumulation of these similarities and parallelisms goes far towards proving a consanguinity of

authorship, and in the face of such evidence I do not see how it is possible to avoid the conclusion that Kyd was the author of this play. In my first reprint I inclined to the opinion that *A Warning* had received some touches from Shakespeare when it was revived by the Chamberlain's men before 1599; I now withdraw that opinion, and believe the play to be entirely by Kyd. Of course if it can be proved that the play was written after 1594, it would overturn my theory and show that Kyd was not the author, for he is supposed to have died in or about that year.

Versification.—As regards versification, Kyd, in some things, followed the example of his predecessors and contemporaries, and in others he was ahead of them. He followed their vogue in the liberal use of rhyme in the early part of his career, but as he proceeded rhyme gradually decreased; in his last play, *Soliman & Perseda*, with a total verse lines of 1801, there are only 78 rhymed lines, a low proportion when it is remembered that it was a rhyming age. In the handling of blank verse he was far ahead of his contemporaries; there is a strength and freedom about it only surpassed by the blank verse of Marlowe and Shakespeare. In the use of an unstopped line Kyd was again in advance of his fellow dramatists, and also progressive. But the most remarkable feature in Kyd's versification is the frequency of a feminine termination to his lines; here he struck out a definite and an original track which raised him to a position of pre-eminence among his contemporaries; in this liberal use of feminine endings, Kyd was to his age what Fletcher was to his. These idiosyncrasies of versification are to be

found in *A Warning for Fair Women*, and with other evidence already offered, help to prove a strong case of consanguinity of authorship. Below I print a Metrical Table of this play which may possibly be of assistance in the application of metrical tests.

### A METRICAL TABLE OF 'A WARNING'.

TOTAL LINES. PROSE. BLANK. RHYME. STOP'D. UNSTOP'D. FEM. ENDING.

2458. 261. 1969. 228. 284. 2013. 223.

I may here note that the feminine endings are considerably increased by the names of some of the characters, such as Sanders, Roger, Drury, etc., which occur as terminations 23 times.

In the Induction to *A Warning* there is a passage which seems to have been misunderstood by all the writers who have touched upon it. I allude to the following lines spoken by Comedy.—

'How some damned tyrant to obtain a crown,  
Stabs, hangs, empoisons, smothers, cutteth throats :  
And then a Chorus, too, comes howling in  
And tells us of the worrying of a cat :—  
Then of a filthy whining ghost,  
Lapped in some foul sheet or a leather pilch,  
Comes screaming like a pig half-sticked,  
And cries, *Vindicta* !—Revenge, Revenge !'

Stephen Jones, in the *Biographia Dramatica*, 1812, commenting on lines 1 and 2, says:—'There seems to be a fling at Shakespeare's *King Richard III.*, which first appeared in 1597. The next lines [3 and 4] may be a ridicule on the chorus in *King Henry V.*, or those in *The*

*Spanish Tragedy*. And what follows [5-8] may be pointed at the Ghost in *Hamlet*, or that of Don Andrea.' Mr. Collier, commenting on the following lines in *The Spanish Tragedy*, iii. 13,—

' *Vindicta mihi*.—

Ay, heaven will be revenged of every ill.'

says :—' This passage seems laughed at in the induction to an extremely rare old play, called *A Warning for Fair Women*, 1599 :—

' Comes screaming like a pig half sticked,  
And cries, *Vindicta !* revenge, revenge !'

Mr. R. Simpson, *School of Shakespeare*, II. 216, says—  
' The induction to the *Warning* is notable also in that it contains what is apparently a fling at Shakespeare's *Richard III*, *Henry V*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*, in Comedy's speech beginning—' How some damned tyrant to obtain a crowa'. ' I think it can be shown that these writers have misunderstood the passage, and that the allusion, satirical in point, is not to Shakespearean plays, but to plays by another dramatist, and that it was a scoffing retort by Kyd to ridicule launched at an earlier work of his, by Greene and his set. Before entering on this discussion I may say that Kyd, like Shakespeare, was regarded by the university playwrights as an outsider, and that a good deal of abuse was thrown at him by them, the outcome of jealousy aroused by the success of his great play *The Spanish Tragedy*, which was certainly written and on the stage before 1589. The evidence in support of this hypothesis is to be found in the epistle to Greene's *Menaphon*, entered Aug. 23, 1589, written by

Nash; the passage is already threadbare by quotation, but it is necessary for the argument here advanced that a portion of it should be given once more. In *The Spanish Tragedy*, ii. 1, 77, Kyd puts into the mouth of Lorenzo the following line:—

‘What, villain, *ifs and hands?*’

That among other things was seized by Nash, probably at Greene’s instigation, and reproduced in the following paragraph in the epistle before *Menaphon*:—

‘Sufficeth them to bodge up a blank verse with *ifs and ands*.,

Here, I think, there can be no doubt that Kyd was the person at whom this ridicule was pointed. The matter did not end here; it was taken up by another dramatist of Greene’s clique and appeared in an anonymous play, *The True Tragedy of Richard III.*,—query, by Peele—printed in 1594, but written about the end of 1589. In that play, iii. 3 Richard, addressing Hastings, says:—

‘If, villain, feedest thou me with *ifs and ands?*’

Kyd is credited with having written the early *Hamlet*, which is very possible, and it is imagined the following expression occurred in it:—

‘Blood is a beggar.’

In another part of the epistle to *Menaphon* is the ensuing passage:—

‘Yet English Seneca read by candlelight yields many good sentences, as *Blood is a beggar*, and so forth: and if you entreat him fair on a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfuls of tragical speeches.’

This was taken up by the author of *Richard III.* and in iii. 2, of that play the following line was pointed in ridicule at Kyd's expression :—

‘*Blood is a threatener* and will have revenge.’

Can there be any doubt that this ridicule was directed at Kyd, and that the matter furnishing the sneer was drawn from his play? If that question be answered in the negative, then there was ample cause for retort; the retort was given in the few lines above quoted from the Induction to this play; now I shall endeavour to show the plays and playwright at whom they were directed. It has been seen that the final flout at Kyd was given by Peele in his anonymous play of *Richard III.* Kyd at once accepted the challenge and retaliated on him from the very play containing the sneer :—

‘How some damned tyrant to obtain a crown,  
Stabs, hangs, empoisons, smothers, cutteth throats.’

Richard was the ‘damned tyrant’ who, to obtain a crown, committed these crimes as may be seen by the old play.

‘And then a Chorus, too, comes howling in  
And tells us of the worrying of a cat.’

In Peele's plays, *The Battle of Alcazar* and *Lochrine*, a Chorus or Presenter enters before each act. The ‘worrying of a cat’ was a common theatrical expression, and therefore hardly an allusion to any play, and certainly not to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; the passage in *Histrionastix*, v. 241-2, may possibly be an allusion to the expression in *A Warning*.

‘Then a filthy whining ghost,  
Lapped in some foul sheet or a leather pilch,  
Comes screaming like a pig half-sticked,  
And cries, *Vindicta* !—Revenge, Revenge !’

In *The Battle of Alcazar*, ii. chorus, ‘Three Ghosts within  
cry *Vindicta* !’ Again, *ib.* l. 19,—

‘Revenge !’ cries Abdelmunen’s grieved ghost.’

In *Locrine*, iii. 4, the Ghost of Albanact cries,—

‘*Vindicta ! Vindicta !*  
Revenge, revenge for blood !’

In *The True Tragedy of Richard III.*, induction, the  
Ghost of Clarence cries,—

‘*O citò, citò, vindicta !*

The allusions could not be more direct, or the parallel more perfect or convincing; and possibly the persons concerned recognised the justice of the retort and submitted with the best grace they could. Certainly Greene Nash, and Peele were not altogether victorious. This hypothesis seems to me the most feasible explanation of the allusion contained in the lines in the Induction to this play, and satisfactorily disposes of the notion that they were a fling at Shakespeare or Kyd, and I think that error must have arisen through insisting on too late a period of production.

When I made my reprint of the old *Richard III.* in 1901 I had not obtained sufficient evidence on the point, or I should not have suggested Kyd as a possible coadjutor with Peele in the writing of that play; now the

idea has been fully developed and worked out, I do not think he had any concern in its composition. What I then took to be evidence of his hand, I now see was satirical allusion to his work.

The tragic event on which *A Warning for Fair Women* is founded, occurred in 1573 and is pretty fully chronicled by Stow. Other accounts of the crime are extant, viz., Munday's *View of Sundry Examples, meet to be perused by all faithful Christians*, 1581; *Sundry strange and inhuman Murders lately committed*, London, 1591, black letter; and *A Brieve Discourse of the late murther of master George Saunders a worshipfull Citizen of London; and of the apprehension, arreigement, and execution of the principall & accessaries of the same.* ¶ Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman, dwelling in Knightrider Streete, at the Signe of the Mermayde. Anno 1573.

There is no material difference, in the main facts, between Stow's account of the crime, and that contained in *A Brief Discourse*. The author of the latter has dealt more in the details of the case, and appears to have collected the gossip and rumours which usually gather round a crime of this nature. The author of *A Warning* apparently followed this account in writing his tragedy, to which he has adhered with strict, if not servile, fidelity; and it is interesting to note how he has occasionally developed—with the tact of a born dramatist—a mere hint into a highly tragic, or pathetic situation. Here is an instance.—

‘He was so abashed afterward at the sight of one of master Saunders little yoong children, as he had much adoo to forbear from swounding in the street.’



Compare this with the dramatic scene in *A Warning*, iii. 4. In *A Warning*, iv. 5, Browne's brother is introduced proceeding to execution; this is not mentioned in *A Brief Discourse*, but it is given by Stow, whence the author no doubt took it. The reader who is curious on the subject will find a full reprint of *A Brief Discourse* in vol. II. of Mr. Simpson's *School of Shakespeare*: Stow's account is printed in the Appendix to this play.

There is a striking similarity between *A Warning* and *Arden of Feversham*, but as that has already been dealt with in the Introduction to my reprint of *Arden*, 1898, there is no occasion to repeat here what has been said there. *Arden* is unquestionably the prior performance. The editor of the *Biographia Dramatica* says, '*A Warning for Fair Women* appears to have been written on the model of *Arden of Feversham*;' that to some extent is true, but the resemblance of the material whence both plots were taken rendered any servile copying unnecessary.

A. F. HOPKINSON.

London, July 13, 1904.

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#### ERRATA.

Page x. l. 23, for on read of.

" xvii l. 5, for *hands* read *ands*.

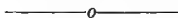
" 16 l. 11, for my read by.

" 29 l. 25, for thou read thou.

" 75 l. 8, for *place* read *places*.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



### CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION.

HISTORY. TRAGEDY. COMEDY.

### CHARACTERS IN THE DUMB SHOWS.

TRAGEDY, MURDER, LUST, FURIES, CHASTITY, JUSTICE,  
MERCY, DILIGENCE, *and other chief Characters in the drama.*

### CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA.

GEORGE SANDERS, *a Merchant.*

ANNE SANDERS, *his Wife.*

MISTRESS ANNE DRURY.

TRUSTY ROGER, *her Servant.*

CAPTAIN GEORGE BROWNE.

SANDERS' LITTLE SON, *and two other Children of his.*

SANDERS' Man.

MASTER BARNES, *of Woolwich.*

JOHN BEANE, *his Man.*

OLD JOHN, *a Farmer.*

JOAN, *his Maid, betrothed to JOHN BEANE.*

MASTER JAMES.

HARRY, *a Schoolboy.*

BROWNE, *a Butcher of Rochester.*

ANTHONY BROWNE, *Brother to GEORGE BROWNE.*

TOM PEART, *and WILL CROW, Carpenters.*

TWO GENTLEMEN, *Friends to SANDERS.*

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

LORD MAYOR.

THE MAYOR *of Rochester.*

*Four Lords, a Sheriff, a Minister, a Doctor, the Keeper of Newgate, Clerk, a Pursuivant, Sergeants, two Messengers, Yeoman of the buttery, a Milliner, a Draper, a Page, a Torch-bearer, a Waterman, Apprentice, Attendants, Officers, &c., &c.*

SCENE—LONDON, *and various parts of KENT.*



# A WARNING FOR FAIR WOMEN.



## INDUCTION.

*Enter at one door History, with drum and ensign ; Tragedy at another, in her one hand a whip, in the other hand a knife.*

*Trag.* Whither away so fast ? Peace, with that drum !  
Down with that ensign, which disturbs our stage !  
Out with this luggage, with this foppery !  
This brawling sheepskin is intolerable.

*Hist.* Indeed, no marvel, though we should give place  
Unto a common executioner !  
Room, room ! for God's sake let us stand away !  
Oh, we shall have some doughty stuff to-day !

*Enter Comedy at the other end.*

*Trag.* What, yet more cat's-guts ? Oh, this filthy sound  
Stifles mine ears ! More cartwheels creaking yet ? 10  
A plague upon 't ! I'll cut your fiddle strings  
If you stand scraping thus to anger me !

*Com.* Gup, mistress buskins, with a whirligig

Are you so touchy, madam Melpomene?

Whose mare is dead,

That you are going to take off her skin?

*Trag.* A plague upon these filthy, fiddling tricks,  
Able to poison any noble wit!

Avoid the stage, or I will whip thee hence. 19

*Com.* Indeed thou mayst, for thou art murder's beadle;  
The common hangman unto Tyranny.—

But, History, what, all three met at once!

What wonder's towards that we are got together?

*Hist.* My meaning was to have been here to-day,  
But meeting with my lady Tragedy,  
She scolds me off:

And, Comedy, except thou canst prevail,  
I think she means to banish us the stage.

*Com.* Tut, tut, she cannot; she may for a day  
Or two, perhaps, be had in some request, 30  
But once a week if we do not appear,  
She shall find few that will attend her here.

*Trag.* I must confess you have some sparks of wit;  
Some odd ends of old jests scraped up together,  
To tickle shallow, unjudicial ears:

Perhaps some puling passion of a lover,  
But slight and childish. What is this to me?  
I must have passions that must move the soul;  
Make the heart heave and throb within the bosom,  
Extorting tears out of the strictest eyes, 40  
To rack a thought and strain it to his form,  
Until I rap the senses from their course.  
This is my office.

*Com.* How some damned tyrant to obtain a crown,

Stabs, hangs, empoisons, smothers, cutteth throats :  
And then a Chorus, too, comes howling in,  
And tells us of the worrying of a cat :  
Then, too, a filthy whining ghost,  
Lapped in some foul sheet, or a leather pilch,  
Comes screaming like a pig half sticked, 50  
And cries—'Vindicta ! Revenge, revenge !'  
With that a little rosin flasheth forth,  
Like smoke out of a tobacco-pipe, or a boy's squib.  
Then comes in two or three, like [un]to drovers,  
With tailors' bodkins stabbing one another :  
Is not this trim ? Is not here goodly things,  
That you should be so much accounted of ?  
I would not else—

*Hist.* Now, before God, thou'lt make her mad anon ;  
Thy jests are like a whisp unto a scold. 60

*Com.* Why, say I could, what care I History ?  
Then shall we have a tragedy indeed ;  
Pure purple buskin, blood and murder right.

*Trag.* Thus, with your loose and idle similes,  
You have abused me ; but I'll whip you hence :

*[She whips them.]*

I'll scourge and lash you both from off the stage.  
'Tis you have kept the theatres so long ?  
Painted in play-bills upon every post, ✓  
That I am scorned of the multitude,  
My name profaned : but now I'll reign as queen. 70  
In great Apollo's name, and all the Muses,  
By virtue of whose godhead I am sent,  
I charge you to begone and leave this place !

*Hist.* Look, Comedy, I marked it not till now,

The stage is hung with black, and I perceive  
The auditors prepared for Tragedy.

*Com.* Nay, then, I see she shall be entertained :  
These ornaments beseem not thee and me.—

Then, Tragedy, kill them to-day with sorrow,  
We'll make them laugh with mirthful jests to-morrow.

*Hist.* And, Tragedy, although to-day thou reign, 81  
To-morrow here I'll domineer again. [*Exeunt.*

*Trag.* Are you both gone so soon? Why then I see  
All this fair circuit here is left to me.—

[*Turning to the audience.*

All you spectators, turn your cheerful eye,  
Give entertainment unto Tragedy.

My scene is London, native and your own,  
I sigh to think my subject too well known.  
I am not feigned. Many now in this Round 7

Once to behold me in sad tears were drowned. 90

Yet what I am I will not let you know,  
Until my next ensuing scene shall show. [*Exit.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street near Sanders' House.*

*Enter Sanders, Anne Sanders, Drury, Browne, Roger, and  
Master Sanders' servant.*

*San.* Gentlemen, here must we take our leave,  
Thanking you for your courteous company,  
And for your good discourse of Ireland,  
Whereas it seems you have been resident,



By your well noting the particulars.

*Bro.* True, sir, I have been there familiar,  
And am no better known in London here  
Than I am there, unto the better sort ;  
Chiefly in Dublin, where ye heard me say,  
Are as great feasts as this we had to-day. 10

*San.* So have I heard. The land gives good increase  
Of every blessing for the use of man ;  
And 'tis great pity the inhabitants  
Will not be civil, nor live under law.

*Bro.* As civil in the English Pale as here,  
And laws obeyed, and orders duly kept ;  
And all the rest may one day be reduced.

*San.* God grant it so !—I pray you, what's your name ?

*Bro.* My name's George Browne.

*San.* God be with ye, good master Browne. 20

*Bro.* Many farewells, master Sanders, to yourself,  
And to these gentlewomen :—ladies, God be with you !

*Anne.* God be with ye, sir.

*Dru.* Thanks for your company ;  
I like your talk of Ireland so well,  
That I could wish time had not cut it off.  
I pray ye, sir, if ye come near my house,  
Call, and you shall be welcome, master Browne.

*Bro.* I thank ye, mistress Drury—is 't not so ?

*Dru.* My name is Anne Drury.

*San.* Widow, come, will ye go ? 30

*Dru.* I'll wait upon you, sir.

[*Exit Sanders.* *Anne Sanders makes a curtsey and  
departs, and all the rest saving Roger, whom  
Browne calls.*

*Bro.* Hark ye, my friend.

Are not you servant unto mistress Drury?

*Rog.* Yes, indeed, forsooth. For fault of a better,  
I have served her, man and boy, this seven years.

*Bro.* I pray thee do me a piece of favour, then,  
And I'll requite it.

*Rog.* Anything I can.

*Bro.* Entreat thy mistress, when she takes her leave 40  
Of master Sanders and his wife, to make retire  
Hither again, for I will speak with her.  
Wilt thou do 't for me?

*Rog.* Yea, sir, that I will.  
Where shall she find ye?

*Bro.* I'll not stir from hence.  
Say I entreat her but a word or two;  
She shall not stay longer than likes herself.

*Rog.* Nay, sir, for that, as you two can agree.  
I'll warrant you I'll bring her to ye straight. [*Exit.*

*Bro.* Straight or crooked, I must needs speak with her;  
For, by this light, my heart is not my own, 52  
But taken prisoner at this frolic feast;  
Entangled in a net of golden wire,  
Which Love had slyly laid in her fair looks.  
Oh, master Sanders, thou'rt a happy man,  
To have so sweet a creature to thy wife,—  
Whom I must win, or I must lose my life. †  
But if she be as modest as she seems,  
Thy heart may break, George Browne, ere thou obtain.  
This mistress Drury must be made the mean,  
What e'er it costs, to compass my desire; 62  
And I hope well she doth so soon retire.

*Enter Roger and Drury.*

Good mistress Drury, pardon this bold part  
That I have played upon so small acquaintance,  
To send for you; let your good nature hide  
The blame of my bad nurture for this once.

*Dru.* I take it for a favour, master Browne,  
And no offence, a man of your fair parts  
Will send for me to stead him any way. 70

*Rog.* Sir, ye shall find my mistress as courteous a  
gentlewoman as any in London, if ye have occasion to  
use her.

*Bro.* So I presume, friend.—Mistress, by your leave—  
[*Takes her aside.*]

I would not that your man should hear our speech,  
For it concerns me much it be concealed.

*Dru.* I hope it is no treason you will speak.

*Bro.* No, by my faith, nor felony.

*Dru.* Nay, then,

Though my man Roger hear it, never care.  
If it be love, or secrets due to that, 80  
Roger is trusty, I dare pawn my life,  
As any fellow within London walls.  
But if you have some secret malady  
That craves my help to use my surgery,  
Which, though I say 't, is pretty, he shall hence;  
If not, be bold to speak, there 's no offence.

*Bro.* I have no sore, but a new inward grief  
Which by your physie may find some relief.

*Dru.* What, is 't a surfeit?

*Bro.* Aye at this late feast.

*Dru.* Why *Aqua cœlestis*, or the water of balm, 90

Or *Rosa Solis*, or that of Doctor Steevens,  
Will help a surfeit. Now I remember me,  
Mistress Sanders hath a sovereign thing  
To help a sudden surfeit presently.

*Bro.* I think she have. How shall I compass it?

*Dru.* I'll send my man for some on't.

*Bro.* Pray ye stay.

She'll never send that which will do me good.

*Dru.* Oh say not so, for then ye know her not.

*Bro.* [*Aside.*] I would I did so well as I could wish.

*Dru.* She's even as courteous a gentlewoman, sir, 100

As kind a peat as London can afford.

Not send it, quotha? yes, and bring 't herself,

If need require. A poor woman t'other day,

Her water-bearer's wife, had surfeited

With eating beans, (ye know 'tis windy meat)

And the poor creature's subject to the stone:

She went herself, and gave her but a dram;

It helped her, straight; in less than half an hour

She fell unto her business till she sweat,

And was as well as I am now.

110

*Bro.* But that which helps a woman helps not me:—  
A woman's help will rather do me good.

*Dru.* I' faith, I ha' found you! Are ye such a one?  
Well, master Browne, I warrant, let you alone!

*Bro.* But, mistress Drury, leave me not yet alone,  
For if ye do, I never shall alone  
Obtain the company that my soul desires.

Faith, tell me one thing: Can ye do much

With mistress Sanders? Are you not inward with her?

*Dru.* I dare presume to do as much with her, 120

As any woman in this city can.

*Bro.* What's your opinion of her honesty?

*Drw.* Oh, very honest: very chaste, i'faith.

I will not wrong her for a thousand pound.

*Bro.* Then all your physic cannot cure my wound.

*Dru.* Your wound is love. Is that your surfeit, sir?

*Bro.* Yea, and 'tis cureless without help of her.

*Dru.* I am very sorry that I cannot ease ye.

*Bro.* Well, if ye can, i' faith, I will well please ye.

*Dru.* You wear a pretty turquoise there, methinks. 130  
I would I had the fellow on't.

*Bro.* Take ye this,

Upon condition to effect my bliss.

*Dru.* Pardon me that, sir: no condition!

For that grief I am no physician.

How say'st thou, Roger, am I?

*Rog.* Yea, forsooth, mistress, what? What did ye ask?

*Dru.* This gentleman's in love

With mistress Sanders, and would have me speak

In his behalf. How say'st thou, dare I do't,

And she so honest, wise and virtuous? 140

*Bro.* What! mean ye, mistress Drury, to bewray  
Unto your man what I in secret spake?

*Dru.* Tush, fear not you ; 'tis trusty Roger, this :  
I use his counsel in as deep affairs.—

How say'st thou, Hodge?

*Rog.* Mistress, this say I. Though mistress Sanders be very honest, as in my conscience she is, and her husband wise and subtle, and in all Billingsgate ward not a kinder couple, yet if you would wrong her husband, your dear friend, methinks ye have such a sweet tongue

as will supple a stone, and for my life, if ye list to labour, you'll win her. Sir, stick close to my mistress; she is studying the law: and if ye be not straight laced ye know my mind. She'll do it for ye, and I'll play my part. 155

*Bro.* Here, mistress Drury, this same ring is yours,  
[Gives her a ring.]

Wear't for my sake; and, if ye do me good,  
Command this chain, this hand, and this heart-blood.  
What say ye to me? Speak a cheerful word.

*Rog.* Faith, mistress, do; he's a fine gentleman: 160  
Pity he should languish for a little love.

*Dru.* Yea, but thou knowest they are both my friends;  
He's very wise, she very circumspect,  
Very respective of her honest name.

*Rog.* If ye list you can cover as great a blame.

*Dru.* If I should break it, and she take it ill?

*Rog.* Tut, you have cunning, pray ye use your skill.—  
To her, master Browne.

*Bro.* What say ye to me, lady?

*Dru.* This I say:

I cannot make a man. To cast away 170

So goodly a creature as yourself, were sin.

Second my onset, for I will begin

To break the ice, that you may pass the ford.

Do your good will, you shall have my good word.

*Bro.* But how shall I have opportunity?

*Dru.* That must be watched, but very secretly.

*Bro.* How, at her house?

*Dru.* There ye may not enter.

*Bro.* How then?

*Dru.* By some other fine adventure :  
Watch when her husband goes to the Exchange,  
She'll sit at door ; to her, though she be strange ; 180  
Spare not to speak, ye can but be denied ;  
Women love most, by whom they are most tried.  
My man shall watch, and I will watch my turn ;  
I cannot see so fair a gallant mourn.

*Bro.* Ye bless my soul by showing me the way !  
Oh, mistress Drury, if I do obtain,  
Do but imagine how I'll quit your pain.  
But where 's her house ?

*Dru.* Against St. Dunstan's church.

*Bro.* St. Dunstan's in Fleet street ?

*Dru.* No, near Billingsgate,  
St. Dunstan's in the east, that's in the west. 190  
Be bold to speak, for I will do my best.

*Bro.* Thanks mistress Drury. Roger, drink you that ;  
And as I speed expect your recompense.

*Rog.* I thank ye, sir ; nay, I will gage my hand,  
Few women can my mistress' force withstand.

*Dru.* Sir, this is all ye have to say ?

*Bro.* For this time, mistress Drury, we will part ;  
Win mistress Sanders, and ye win my heart !

*Dru.* Hope you the best ; she shall have much ado  
To hold her own when I begin to woo.— 200  
Come, Hodge. [Exit.

*Rog.* I trust, sir, when my mistress has obtained your  
suit, you'll suit me in a cast suit of your apparel.

*Bro.* Cast and uncast shall trusty Roger have,  
If thou be secret, and an honest knave. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. *The Street before Sanders' House.*

*Enter [from the house] Anne Sanders with her little Son, and sit at her door.*

*Boy.* Pray ye, mother, when shall we go to supper?

*Anne.* Why, when your father comes from the Exchange  
Ye are not hungry since ye came from school?

*Boy.* Not hungry, mother, but I would fain eat.

*Anne.* Forbear awhile until your father come :  
I sit here to expect his quick return.

*Boy.* Mother, shall not I have new bow and shafts  
Against our school go a-feasting?

*Anne.* Yes if ye learn :  
And against Easter new apparel too. 10

*Boy.* You'll lend me all your scarfs, and all your rings,  
And buy me a white feather for my velvet cap,  
Will ye, mother? Yea, say; pray ye say so.

*Anne.* Go, prattling boy, go bid your sister see  
My closet locked when she takes out the fruit.

*Boy.* I will, forsooth, and take some for my pains. [*Exit.*

*Anne.* Well, sir sauce, does your master teach ye that?  
I pray God bless thee, thou'rt a very wag.

*Enter Browne.*

*Bro.* Yonder she sits to light this obscure street,  
Like a bright diamond worn in some dark place; 20  
Or like the moon, in a black winter's night,  
To comfort wandering travellers in their way.  
But so demure, so modest are her looks,  
So chaste her eyes, so virtuous her aspect,  
As do repulse Love's false artillery.



Yet must I speak, though checked with scornful nay ;  
Desire draws on, but reason bids me stay.

My tu'tress, Drury, gave me charge to speak,  
And speak I must, or else my heart will break.—

God save ye, mistress Sanders ! All alone ?      30  
Sit ye to take the view of passengers ?

*Anne.* No, in good sooth, sir, I give small regard  
Who comes or goes. My husband I attend,  
Whose coming will be speedy from th' Exchange.

*Bro.* A good exchange made he for single life,  
That joined in marriage with so sweet a wife.

*Anne.* Come ye to speak with master Sanders, sir ?

*Bro.* Why ask ye that ?

*Anne.*      Because ye make a stay  
Here at his door.

*Bro.*      I stay in courtesy,  
To give you thanks for your last company.      40  
I hope my kind salutē doth not offend.

*Anne.* No, sir, and yet such unexpected kindness  
Is like herb John in broth.

*Bro.*      I pray ye, how is that ?

*Anne.* 'T may e'en as well be laid aside as used.—  
If ye have business with my husband, sir,  
Y' are welcome ; otherwise, I'll take my leave.

*Bro.* Nay, gentle mistress, let not my access  
Be means to drive you from your door so soon :  
I would be loth to prejudice your pleasure.  
For my good liking at the feast conceived,      50  
If master Sanders shall have cause to use  
The favour of some noble personage,  
Let him employ no other but George Browne

T' effect his suit, without a recompense.—

I speak I know not what, my tongue and heart

Are so divided through the force of love. [Aside.

Anne. I thank ye, sir, but if he have such cause,  
I hope he's not so void of friends in court,

But he may speed and never trouble you :

Yet I will do your errand, if ye please. 60

Bro. E'en as't please you. I doubt I trouble ye ?

Anne. Resolve your doubt, and trouble me no more.

Bro. 'Twill never be ; I thought as much before. [Aside.  
God be with you, mistress.

Anne. Fare ye well, good sir.

Bro. I'll to Nan Drury yet, and talk with her. [Exit.

Anne. These errand-making gallants are good men,  
That cannot pass and see a woman sit,  
Of any sort, alone at any door,  
But they will find a 'scuse to stand and prate :  
Fools, that they are, to bite at every bait ! 70

*Enter Sanders.*

Here he comes, now, whom I have looked for long.

San. How now, sweet Nan, sit'st thou here all alone ?

Anne. Better alone, than have bad company.

San. I trust there's none but good resorts to thee !

Anne. There shall not, sir, if I know what they be.—

Ye have stayed late, sir, at th' Exchange to-night,

San. Upon occasion, Nan. Is supper ready ?

Anne. An hour ago.

San. And what good company ?

None to sup with us ! Send one for Nan Drury :

She'll play the wag, tell tales, and make us merry. 80

*Anne.* I think s' has supped, but one shall run and look.  
If your meat be marred, blame yourself not the cook.

*San.* Howe'er it be, we'll take it in good part  
For once, and use it not. Come, let's in, sweetheart.  
[*They enter the house.*]

SCENE III.—London. *A Room in Drury's House.*

*Enter Anne Drury and Trusty Roger, her man.*

*Dru.* Roger, come hither. Was there no messenger  
This day from master Browne, to speak with me?

*Rog.* Mistress, not any; and that I marvel at:  
But I can tell you, he must come and send,  
And be no niggard of his purse beside,  
Or else I know how it will go with him.  
He must not think to anchor where he hopes,  
Unless you be his pilot.

*Dru.* Where is that?  
The fellow talks and prates he knows not what. [*Aside.*]  
I be his pilot? Whither? Canst thou tell? 10  
The cause he doth frequent my house, thou see'st,  
Is for the love he bears unto my daughter.

*Rog.* A very good cloak, mistress, for the rain;  
And therein I must needs commend your wit:  
Close dealing is the safest. By that means  
The world will be the less suspicious;  
For whil'st 'tis thought he doth affect your daughter,  
Who can suspect his love to mistress Sanders?

*Dru.* Why, now thou art as I would have thee be,  
Conceited and of quick capacity. 20  
Some heavy drawlatch, would have been this month

(Though hourly I had instructed him)  
Before he could have found my policy ;  
But, Hodge, thou art my heart's interpreter :  
And be thou secret still, as thou hast been,  
And doubt not but we'll all gain by the match.  
George Browne, as thou knowest, is well reckoned of ;  
A proper man, and hath good store of coin ;  
And mistress Sanders, she is young and fair,  
And may be tempered easily, like wax ; 30  
Especially by one that is familiar with her.

✓ *Rog.* True, mistress ; nor is she the first, my many,  
That you have won to stoop unto the lure.  
It is your trade, your living. What needs more ?  
Drive you the bargain, I will keep the door.

*Dru.* Trusty Roger, thou well deserv'st thy name !

*Rog.* But, mistress, shall I tell you what I think ?

*Dru.* Yes Hodge ; what is't ?

*Rog.* If you'll be ruled by me,  
Let them pay well for what you undertake.  
Be not a spokeswoman, mistress for none of them, 40  
But be the better for it. Times will change,  
And there's no trusting to uncertainties.

*Dru.* Dost think I will ? Then beg me for a fool !  
The money I will finger 'twixt them twain,  
Shall make my daughter such a dowry,  
As I will match her better than with Brown ;  
To some rich attorney, or gentleman.  
Let me alone. If they enjoy their pleasure,  
My sweet shall be to feed upon their treasure.

*Rog.* Hold you there, mistress ! Here comes master  
Browne !

*Enter Browne.*

*Bro.* Good morrow, mistress Drury.

*Dru.* What, master Browne!

Now, by my faith, you are the very last man  
We talked of. Y'are welcome, sir; how do you,  
And how speed you concerning that you wot of?

*Rog.* Mistress, I'll void the place, if so you please,  
And give you leave in private to confer. [*Going.*]

*Bro.* Whither goes Roger? Call him back again.

*Dru.* Come hither, sirrah, master Browne will have  
you stay.

*Bro.* Why, how now, Roger, will you shrink from me?  
Because I saw you not, do you suppose 60  
I make no reckoning of your company?  
What, man! thy trust it is I build upon.

*Rog.* I thank you, sir; nay, pray you be not offended,  
I would be loth to seem unmannerly.

*Bro.* Tut, a fig's end! Thy counsel will do well,  
And we must use thee; therefore tarry here.—  
I have no other secret to reveal,  
But only this,— that I have broke the ice,  
And made an entrance to my love's pursuit.  
Sweet mistress Sanders, that choice argument 70  
Of all perfection, sitting at her door,  
Even now I did salute. Some words there passed,  
But nothing to the purpose; neither time  
Nor place consorted to my mind; beside,  
Recourse of servants and of passengers  
Might have been jealous of our conference,  
And therefore I refrained all large discourse.  
Only thus much I gathered by her speech—

That she is affable, not coy nor scornful,  
And may be won, would you but be entreated 80  
To be a mediator for me, and persuade her.

*Rog.* I pray you do so, mistress ; you do know  
That master Browne's an honest gentleman,  
And I dare swear will recompense you well.

*Bro.* If she do mistrust me, there's my purse,  
And in the same ten angels of good gold ;  
And when I can but have access to her,  
And am in any possibility  
To win her favour, challenge of me more :—  
A hundred pound in marriage with your daughter. 90

*Dru.* Alas ! how dare I, master Browne ? Her husband  
Is one that I am much beholding to ;  
A man both loving, bountiful and just ;  
And to his wife, in all this city, none  
More kind, more loyal-hearted, or more firm :  
What sin were it to do him, then, that wrong !

*Bro.* Oh, speak not of his worth, but of her praise !  
If he be firm, she's fair ; if he bountiful,  
She's beautiful ; if he loyal, she's lovely ;  
If he in all the city for a man 100  
Be the most absolute, she in all the world  
Is for a woman the most excellent.

Oh, earth hath seldom such a creature seen,  
Nor subject been possessed with such a love !

*Rog.* Mistress, can you hear this and not be moved ?  
I would it lay in me to help you, sir ;  
I' faith, you should not need so many words.

*Bro.* I know that ; thou hast always been my friend ;  
And though I never see Anne Sanders more,

Yet for my sake drink this:—and, mistress Drury, 110  
England I must be forced to bid farewell,  
Or shortly look to hear that I am dead,  
Unless I may prevail to get her love.

*Rog.* Good mistress, leave your dumps, and speak to him:

You need not study so, 'tis no such labour.

Alas! will you see a gentleman cast away?

All is but George, I pray you let['t] be done.

*Dru.* Well, master Browne, not for your money's sake,  
So much as in regard I love you well,

Am I content to be your orator. 120

Mistress Sanders shall be certified

How fervently you love her, and, withal,

Some other words I'll use in your behalf,

As you shall have access to her at least.

*Bro.* I ask no more. When will you undertake it?

*Dru.* This day; it shall no longer be deferred:

And in the evening you shall know an answer.

*Bro.* Here, at your house?

*Dru.* Yea, here, if so you please.

*Bro.* No better place: I rest upon your promise.

So, farewell, mistress Drury. Till that hour, 130

What sweet can earth afford will not seem sour. [*Exit.*]

*Dru.* He's sped, i' faith; come, Roger, let us go:

III is the wind doth no man profit blow.

*Req.* I shall not be the worse for it, that I know.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Sanders' House.*

*Enter Master Sanders and his Man.*

*San.* Sirrah, what bills of debt are due to me?

*Man.* All that were due, sir, as this day, are paid.

*San.* You have enough, then, to discharge the bond  
Of master Ashmore's fifteen hundred pound,  
That must be tendered on th' Exchange to-night.

*Man.* With that which master Bishop owes, we have.

*San.* When is his time to pay?

*Man.* This afternoon.

*San.* He's a sure man, thou needst not doubt of him.  
In any case, take heed unto my credit;  
I do not use, thou know'st, to break my word, 10  
Much less my bond; I prythee look unto it:  
And whenas master Bishop sends his money,  
Bring the whole sum.—I'll be upon the Burse,  
Or, if I be not, thou canst take a quittance.

*Man.* What shall I say unto my mistress, sir?  
She bade me tell out thirty pounds e'en now  
She meant to have bestowed in linen cloth.

*San.* She must defer her market till to-morrow:  
I know no other shift. My great affairs 20  
Must not be hindered by such trifling wares.

*Man.* She told me, sir, the draper would be here,  
And George the milliner with other things,  
Which she appointed, should be brought her home.

*San.* All's one for that; another time shall serve:  
Nor is there any such necessity,  
That she may very well forbear awhile.



*Man.* She will not so be answered at my hand.

*San.* Tell her I did command it should be so. [*Exit.*]

*Man.* Your pleasure shall be done, sir, though thereby,  
'Tis I am like to bear the blame away. 30

*Enter Anne Sanders, Mistress Drury, a Draper and a  
Milliner.*

*Anne.* Come near I pray you. I do like your linen, and you shall have your price. But you, my friend, the gloves you showed me, and the Italian purse are both well made, and I do like the fashion ; but trust me, the perfume, I am afraid, will not continue ; yet upon your word I'll have them too. Sirrah, where is your master ?

*Man.* Forsooth, he's gone to th' Exchange, even now.

*Anne.* Have you the money ready, which I called for?

*Man.* No, if it please you; my master gave me charge I should deliver none.

*Anne.* How's that, sir knave? 40

Your master charged you should deliver none!

Go to, despatch, and fetch me thirty pound,

Or I will send my fingers to your lips!

*Dru.* Good fortune! thus incensed against her husband:  
I shall the better break with her for Browne. [*Aside.*]

*Man.* I pray you, mistress, pacify yourself ;  
I dare not do it.

*Anne.* You dare not; and why so?

*Man.* Because there's money to be paid to-night  
Upon an obligation.

Anne. What of that?

Therefore I may not have to serve my turn! 50

*Man.* Indeed, forsooth, there is not in the house,

As yet, sufficient to discharge that debt.

*Anne.* 'Tis well that I must stand at your reversion ;  
Entreat my prentice, curtsey to my man,  
And he must be purse-bearer when I need !  
This was not wont to be your master's order.

*Dru.* No, I'll be sworn of that ! I never knew  
But that you had at all times, mistress Sanders,  
A greater sum than that at a command.  
Marry, perhaps the world may now be changed ! 60

*Man.* Feed not my mistress' anger, mistress Drury ;  
You do not well. To-morrow, if she list,  
It is not twice so much but she may have it.

*Anne.* So that my breach of credit in the while  
Is not regarded. I have brought these men  
To have their money for such necessities  
As I have bought, and they have honestly  
Delivered to my hands ; and now, forsooth,  
I must be thought so bare and beggarly,  
As they must be put off until to-morrow. 70

*Dra.* Good mistress Sanders, trouble not yourself ;  
If that be all, your word shall be sufficient,  
Were it for thrice the value of my ware.  
And trust me mistress, you shall do me wrong  
If otherwise you do conceit of me.

*Mill.* Be it for a week, a fortnight, or a month,  
Or when you will, I never would desire  
Better security for all I am worth.

*Anne.* I thank you for your gentleness, my friends,  
But I have never used to go on credit. 80  
There is two crowns betwixt you for your pains.—  
Sirrah, deliver them their stuff again,

And make them drink a cup of wine. Farewell!

*Dra.* Good mistress Sanders, let me leave the cloth ;  
I shall be chidden when I do come home.

*Mill.* And I ; therefore, I pray you, be persuaded.

*Anne.* No, no ! I will excuse you to your masters ;  
So, if you love me, use no more entreaty.

[*Exeunt Dra., Mill., and Man.*]

I am a woman, and in that respect  
Am well content my husband shall control me ; 90  
But that my man should overawe me too,  
And in the sight of strangers, mistress Drury,  
I tell you true, does grieve me to the heart.

*Dru.* Your husband was to blame, to say the truth,  
That gave his servant such authority.  
What signifies it, but he doth repose  
More trust in a vild boy than in his wife ?

*Anne.* Nay, give me leave to think the best of him :  
It was my destiny, and not his malice.  
Sure I did know, as well when I did rise 100  
This morning, that I should be chafed ere noon,  
As where I stand.

*Dru.* By what, good mistress Sanders ?

*Anne.* Why, by these yellow spots upon my fingers.  
They never come to me but I am sure  
To hear of anger ere I go to bed.

*Dru.* 'Tis like enough. I pray you, let me see.—  
Good sooth ! they are as manifest as day !  
And let me tell you, too, I see deciphered  
Within this palm of yours, to quit that evil,  
Fair signs of better fortune to ensue. 110  
Cheer up your heart ! you shortly shall be free

From all your troubles. See you this character,  
Directly fixed to the line of life?

It signifies a dissolution.—

You must be, mistress Anne, a widow shortly.

*Anne.* No, God forbid! I hope you do but jest.

*Dru.* It is most certain. You must bury George.

*Anne.* Have you such knowledge, then, in palmistry?

*Dru.* More than in surgery. Though I do make  
That my profession, this is my best living. 120

And where I cure one sickness or disease,  
I tell a hundred fortunes in a year.

What makes my house so haunted as it is  
With merchants' wives, bachelors, and young maids,  
But for my matchless skill in palmistry?

Lend me your hand again, I'll tell you more.—

A widow, said I? Yea, and make a change,

Not for the worse, but for the better far.

A gentleman, my girl, must be the next,  
A gallant fellow—one that is beloved— 130

Of great estates. 'Tis plainly figured here,  
And this is called the ladder of Promotion.

*Anne.* I do not wish to be promoted so;  
My George is gentle, and beloved beside;  
And I have e'en as good a husband of him,  
As any wench in London hath beside.

*Dru.* True, he is good, but not too good for God.  
He's kind, but can his love dispense with death?  
He's wealthy, and an handsome man beside,  
But will his grave be satisfied with that? 140  
He keeps you well, who says the contrary?  
Yet better's better. Now you are arrayed

After a civil manner, but the next  
Shall keep you in your hood and gown of silk.  
And when you stir abroad, ride in your coach,  
And have your dozen men all in a livery,  
To wait upon you. This is somewhat like.

*Anne.* Yet had I rather be as now I am,  
If God were pleased that it should be so.

*Dru.* Ay, marry, now you speak like a good Christian—  
'If God were pleased.' Oh, but he hath decreed      151  
It shall be otherwise; and to repine  
Against his providence, you know 'tis sin.

*Anne.* Your words do make me think I know not what;  
And burden me with fear as well as doubt.

*Dru.* Tut, I could tell ye, for a need, his name,  
That is ordained to be your next husband;  
But for a testimony of my former speeches,  
Let it suffice I find it in your hand,  
That you already are acquainted with him.      160  
And, let me see, this crooked line, derived  
From your ring-finger, shows me, not long since,  
You had some speech with him in the street,  
Or near about your door I am sure it was.

*Anne.* I know of none more than that gentleman  
That supped with us; they call him Captain Browne,  
And he, I must confess, against my will,  
Came to my door as I was sitting there,  
And used some idle chat might 'a been spared,  
And more, I wis, than I had pleasure in.      170

*Dru.* I cannot tell.—If Captain Browne it were,  
Then Captain Browne is he must marry you.  
His name is George, I take it; yea, 'tis so:

My rules of palmistry declare no less.

*Anne.* 'Tis very strange how ye should know so much.

*Dru.* Nay, I can make rehearsal of the words  
Did pass betwixt you, if I were disposed ;  
Yet I protest, I never saw the man  
Since, nor before, the night he supped with us.—  
Briefly, it is your fortune, mistress Sanders, 180  
And there's no remedy but you must leave him.  
I counsel you to no immodesty :  
'Tis lawful, one deceased, to take another.

In the mean space I would not have you coy ;  
But if he come unto your house, or so,  
To use him courteously, as one for whom  
You were created in your birth a wife.

*Anne.* If it be so, I must submit myself  
To that which God and destiny sets down.  
But yet I can assure you, mistress Drury, 190  
I do not find me any way inclined  
To change, or new affection ; nor, God willing,  
Will I be false to Sanders whilst I live.  
By this time he's returned from the Exchange ;  
Come, you shall sup with us. [Exit.

*Dru.* I'll follow you.—  
Why, this is well ! I never could have found  
A fitter way to compass Browne's desire,  
Nor in her woman's breast kindled love's fire !  
For this will hammer so within her head,  
As for the new she'll wish the old were dead. 200.  
When in the neck of this I will devise  
Some stratagem to close up Sanders' eyes. [Exit.

## ACT II.

## THE DUMB SHOW.

*Enter Tragedy with a bowl of blood in her hand*

Trag. Till now you have but sitten to behold  
The fatal entrance to our bloody scene;  
And by gradations seen how we have grown  
Into the main stream of our tragedy.  
All we have done hath only been in words:  
But now we come unto the dismal act,  
And in these sable curtains shut we up  
The comic entrance to our direful play.  
This deadly banquet is prepared at hand,  
Where ebon tapers are brought up from hell,                    10  
To lead black Murder to this damnèd deed.  
The ugly screech-owl, and the night-raven,  
With flaggy wings, and hideous croaking noise,  
Do beat the casements of this fatal house,  
Whilst I do bring my dreadful Furies forth,  
To spread the table to this bloody feast.

*[The Furies come forth. The while they cover.]*  
Come forth and cover, for the time draws on.  
Despatch, I say, for now I must employ ye,  
To be the ushers to this damnèd train.  
Bring forth the banquet, and that lustful wine                    20  
Which in pale mazors, made of dead men's skulls,  
They shall carouse to their destruction.  
By this they're entered to this fatal door.

*[Some strange solemn music, like bells, is heard within.]*

Hark, how the ghastly fearful chimes of night  
Do ring them in ! and with a doleful peal  
Do fill the roof with sounds of tragedy :  
Despatch, I say, and be their ushers in.

[*The Furies go to the door and meet them. First the Furies enter before, leading them, dancing a soft dance to the solemn music. Next comes Lust, before Browne, leading Mistress Sanders covered with a black veil : Chastity, all in white, pulling her back softly by the arm. Then Drury, thrusting away Chastity ; Roger following. They march about, and then sit to the table. The Furies fill wine. Lust drinks to Browne ; he to Mistress Sanders ; she pledgeth him. Lust embraceth her ; she thrusteth Chastity from her ; Chastity wrings her hands and departs. Drury and Roger embrace one another. The Furies leap and embrace one another. Whilst they sit down Tragedy speaks.*

Here is the masque unto this damnèd murder.  
The Furies first, the devil leads the dance ;  
Next lawless Lust conducteth cruel Browne, 30  
He doth seduce this poor deluded soul,  
Attended by unspotted innocence,  
As yet unguilty of her husband's death.  
Next follows on that instrument of hell,  
That wicked Drury, the accursèd fiend  
That thrusts her forward to destruction.  
And last of all is Roger, Drury's man,  
A villain expert in all treachery,  
One conversant in all her damnèd drifts,  
And a base broker in this murderous act. 40  
Here they prepare them to these lustful feasts ;



And here they sit, all wicked Murder's guests.

*[Tragedy standing to behold them awhile till the show  
be done, again turning to the people.]*

Thus sin prevails! She drinks that poisoned draught,  
With which base thoughts henceforth infects her soul,  
And wins her free consent to this foul deed.

Now blood and Lust doth conquer and subdue,  
And Chastity is quite abandoned.

Here enters Murder into all their hearts,  
And doth possess them with the hellish thirst  
Of guiltless blood. Now will I wake my chime, 50  
And lay this charming-rod upon their eyes,  
To make them sleep in their security. *[They sleep.]*

Thus sits this poor soul, innocent of late,  
Amongst these devils at this damnèd feast,  
Won and betrayed to their detested sin,  
And thus with blood their hands shall be imbrued.

*[Murder sets down her blood, and rubs their hands.]*

Thy hands shall both be touched, for they alone  
Are the foul actors of this impious deed. *[To Browne.]*  
And thine, and thine; for thou didst lay this plot,  
And thou didst work this damnèd witch['s] device; 60  
Your hands are both as deep in blood as his.

*[To Drury and Roger.]*

Only thou dip'st a finger in the same,  
And here it is.— *[To Anne.]*

Awake, now when you will,  
For now's the time wherein to work your ill.

*[Here Browne starts up, draws his sword, and runs out.]*  
Thus is he gone whilst they are all secure,  
Resolved to put these desperate thoughts in ure;

They follow him, and them will I attend,  
Until I bring them all unto their end.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

*Enter Sanders and one or two with him.*

*San.* You see, sir, still I am a daily guest ;  
But with so true friends as I hold yourself,  
I had rather be too rude than too precise.

*Gent.* Sir, this house is yours ; you come but to your own,  
And what else I call mine, is wholly yours ;  
So much I do endear your love, sweet master Sanders.—  
A light, ho, there !

*San.* Well, sir, at this time I'll rather be  
Unmannerly than ceremonious.  
I'll leave you, sir, to recommend my thanks 10  
Unto your kind, respective wife.

*Gent.* Sir, for your kind patience, she's much be-  
holding to you ; and I beseech you remember me to  
mistress Sanders.

*San.* Sir, I thank you for her.

*Gent.* Sirrah, ho ! Who's within, there ?

*Enter Prentice.*

*Pren.* Sir ?

*Gent.* Light a torch there, and wait on master Sanders  
home.

*San.* It shall not need, sir, it is light enough ; 20  
Let it alone.

*Gent.* Nay, I pray ye, sir.

*San.* I'faith, sir, at this time, it shall not need :

'Tis very light, the streets are full of people,  
And I have some occasion by the way,  
That may detain me.

*Gent.* Sir, I am sorry that you go alone;  
'Tis somewhat late.

*San.* 'Tis well, sir. God send you happy rest!

*Gent* God bless you, sir! Passion of me! I had forgot  
One thing; I am glad I thought of it before we parted. 30  
Your patience, sir, a little. [*He enters the House.*]

*Here enters Browne speaking, in casting one side of his cloak  
under his arm. [Re-enter Gentleman.] While Master  
Sanders and he are in busy talk one to the other, Browne  
steps to a corner.*

*Bro.* This way he should come, and a fitter place  
The town affords not. 'Tis his nearest way,  
And 'tis so late, he will not go about.  
Then stand close, George, and with a lucky arm  
Sluice out his life, the hinderer of thy love.  
Oh, sable night, sit on the eye of heaven,  
That it discern not this black deed of darkness!  
My guilty soul, burnt with lust's hateful fire,  
Must wade through blood t' obtain my vile desire. 40  
Be then my coverture, thick ugly night;  
The light hates me, and I do hate the light.

*San.* Good night, sir.

*Gent.* Good night, good master Sanders;  
Sir, I shall see you on the Exchange to-morrow?

*San.* You shall, God willing, sir. Good night.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

*Bro.* I hear him coming fair unto my stand:—

Murder and death sit on my fatal hand !

*Enter a Gentleman, with a man with a Torch before.*

*Browne draws to strike.*

*Gent.* Who 's there ?

*San.* A friend.

*Gent.* Master Sanders ? Well met !

*San.* Good even, gentle sir, so are you.

*Gent.* Where have you been so late, sir ? 50

*Bro.* A plague upon 't ! A light and company  
E'en as I was about to do the deed.

See how the devil stumbles in the nick. [*Aside.*

*San.* Sir, here at a friend's of mine in Lombard Street  
At supper, where, I promise you,  
Our cheer and entertainment was so great,  
That we have passed our hour ;  
Believe me, sir, the evening's stolen away,  
I see 'tis later than I took it for.

*Gent.* Sirrah, turn there at the corner ; since 'tis late,  
I will go home with master Sanders. 61

*San.* No, I pray you, sir, trouble not yourself ;  
Sir, I beseech you.

*Gent.* Sir, pardon me ;—sirrah, go on, now ;—  
Where we are, my way lies just with yours.

*San.* I am beholding to you.

[*Exeunt. Browne cometh out alone.*

*Bro.* Except by miracle, thou art delivered  
As was never man !

My sword unsheathed, and with the piercing steel  
Ready to broach his bosom, and my purpose 70  
Thwarted by some malignant, envious star !

Night, I could stab thee ! I could stab myself,  
I am so mad that he [e]scaped my hands.  
How like a fatal comet did that light,  
With this portentous vision, fright mine eyes !  
[ A masque of devils walk along with thee,  
And thou the torch-bearer unto them all !  
Thou fatal brand, ne'er mayst thou be extinct  
Till thou hast set that damnèd house on fire  
Where he is lodged, that brought thee to this place ! 80  
Sanders, this hand doth hold that death alone,  
And bears the seal of thy destruction.—  
Some other time shall serve. Till thou be dead.  
My fortunes yet are ne'er accomplished. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Woolwich.    *A Public Road.*

*Enter Master Barnes, and John Beane his Man.*

*Bea.* Must I go first to Greenwich, sir ?

*Bar.* What else ?

*Bea.* I cannot go by water, for it ebbs ;  
The wind 's at west, and both are strong against us.

*Bar.* My meaning is that you shall go by land,  
And come by water ; though the tide be late,  
Fail not to be at home again this night,  
With answer of those letters which ye have.  
This letter give to master Cofferer ;  
If he be not at Court when ye come there,  
Leave 't at his chamber in any case. 10  
Pray master Sanders to be here next week,  
About the matter at St. Mary-Cray.

*Bea.* Methinks, sir, under your correction,

Next week is ill-appointed.

*Bar.* Why, I pray ye?

*Bea.* 'Tis Easter week, and every holiday  
Are sermons at the Spittle.

*Bar.* What of that?

*Bea.* Can master Sanders then be spared to come?

*Bar.* Well said, John fool! I hope at afternoon  
A pair of oars may bring him down to Woolwich :  
Tell him he must come down in any wise. 20

*Bea.* What shall I bring from London?

*Bar.* A fool's head.

*Bea.* A calf's head's better meat :  
'Tis Maundy Thursday, sir, and every butcher  
Now keeps open shop.

*Bar.* Well, get ye gone, and hie ye home. How now!  
[*Beane stumbles twice.*]

What, art thou drunk, canst thou not stand?

*Bea.* Yes, sir ;

I did but stumble ; God send me good luck !

I was not wont to stumble on plain ground.

*Bar.* Look better to your feet, then. [*Exit.*]

*Bea.* Yes, forsooth :

And yet I do not like it. At my setting forth, 30

They say it does betoken some mischance.

I fear not drowning if the boat be good !

There is no danger in so short a cut.

Betwixt Blackwall and Woolwich is the worst,

And if the waterman will watch the anchors,

I'll watch the catches and the hoys myself.

Well, I must go. Christ's cross, God be my speed !

*Enter Old John, and Joan his maid.*

Who comes there, a God's name? This woody way,  
Doth harbour many a false knave they say. 39

*John.* False knaves, ha! Where be they? let me see  
them. Mass, as old as I am, and have little skill, I'll  
hamper a false knave yet in my hedging-bill. Stand!  
Thief or true man?

*Joan.* Master, it is John Beane.

*John.* Jesu! John Beane, why, whither away by land?  
What make you wandering this woody way?

Walk ye to Greenwich, or walk ye to Cray? 47

*Bea.* To Greenwich, father John. Good morrow,  
good morrow! Good morrow, Joan, good morrow, sweet,  
to thee! 50

*Joan.* A thousand good morrows, gentle John Beane!  
I am glad I met ye, for now I have my dream. I have  
been so troubled with ye all this night, that I could not  
rest for sleeping and dreaming. Methought you were  
grown taller and fairer, and that ye were in your shirt;  
and methought it should not be you, and yet it was you:  
and that ye were all in white, and went into a garden,  
and there was the umberst sort of flowers that ever I  
see: and methought you lay down upon a green bank,  
and I pinned gilliflowers in your ruff, and then me-  
thought your nose bled, and as I ran to my chest to fetch  
ye a handkercher, methought I stumbled, and so waked.  
What does it betoken? 63

*Bea.* Nay, I cannot tell. But I like neither thy dream  
nor my own, for I was troubled with green meadows,  
and bulls fighting and goring one another, and one of  
them, methought, ran at me, and I ran away, that I

sweat in my sleep for fear.

68

*John.* Tut, fear nothing, John Beane. Dreams are but fancies. I dreamed, myself, last night, that I heard the bells of Barking as plain to our town of Woolwich as if I had lain in the steeple; and that I should be married, and to whom, trowest thou? but to the fine gentlewoman of London that was at your master's the last summer!

75

*Bea.* Who, mistress Sanders? I shall see her anon, for I have an errand to her husband. Shall I tell her ye dreamed of her?

*John.* God forbid! no; she'll laugh at me, and call me old fool. Art thou going to London?

80

*Bea.* Yea, when I have been at the Court at Greenwich. Whither go you, and your maid Jean?

*John.* To stop a gap in my fence, and to drive home a cow and a calf that is in my close at Shooter's hill foot.

*Bea.* 'Tis well done. Mass, I am merry since I met you two, I would your journey lay along with mine!

*Joan.* So would I with all my heart, John. Pray ye bestow a groat, or sixpence, of carnation ribbon to tie my smock sleeves, they flap about my hands too bad; and I'll give you your money again.

90

*Bea.* That I will, i' faith! Will you have nothing, father John?

*John.* No, God-a-mercy, son John; but I would thou hadst my *Aqua vitæ* bottle to fill at the Black Bull by Battle bridge.

*Bea.* So would I. Well, here our ways part; you must that way, and I this.

*John.* Why, John Beane, canst part with thy love



without a kiss?

99

*Bea.* Ye say true, father John. My business puts kissing out of my mind. Farewell, sweet Joan.

[*He kisses her.*

*Joan.* Farewell, sweet John. I pray ye have a care of yourself for my dream; and bless ye out of swaggers' company, and walk not too late. My master and I will pray for ye.

*John.* That we will, i' faith, John Beane. 107

*Bea.* God be with ye both! I could e'en weep to see how kind they are unto me. There's a wench! Well, if I live, I'll make her amends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—London. *A Street near Billingsgate.*

*Enter Browne and Drury.*

*Bro.* Nay, speak your conscience; was't not strange fortune

That at the instant when my sword was drawn,  
And I had thought to have nailed him to a post,  
A light should come, and so prevent my purpose?

*Dru.* It was so, master Browne; but let it pass;  
Another time shall serve. Never give o'er,  
Till you have quite removed him out your way.

*Bro.* And if I do, let me be held a coward,  
And no more worthy to obtain her bed,  
Than a foul negro to embrace a queen. 10

*Dru.* You need not quail for doubt of your reward.  
You know already she is won to this,  
What by my persuasion and your own suit,  
That you may have her company when you will;

And she herself is thoroughly resolved  
None but George Browne must be her second husband.

*Bro.* The hope of that makes me a-nights to dream  
Of nothing but the death of wretched Sanders,  
Which I have vowed in secret to my soul  
Shall not be long before that be determined. 20  
But I do marvel that our scout returns not;  
Trusty Roger, whom we sent to dog him.

*Dru.* The knave's so careful, master Browne, of you,  
As he will rather die than come again,  
Before he find fit place to do the deed.

*Bro.* I am beholding both to you and him;  
And, mistress Drury, I'll requite your loves.

*Enter Roger.*

*Dru.* By the mass, see where the whoreson comes,  
Puffing and blowing, almost out of breath! 29

*Bro.* Roger, how now, where hast thou been all day?

*Rog.* Where have I been? where I have had a jaunt  
Able to tire a horse.

*Bro* But dost thou bring  
Any good news where I may strike the stroke  
Shall make thyself and me amends for all?

*Rog.* That gather by the circumstance. First know  
That in the morning, till 't was nine o'clock,  
I watched at Sanders' door till he came forth;  
Then followed him to Cornhill, where he stayed  
An hour talking in a merchant's warehouse.  
From thence he went directly to the Burse, 40  
And there he walked another hour at least,  
And I at's heels. By this it struck eleven;

Home then he comes to dinner. By the way  
He chanced to meet a gentleman of the Court,  
With whom as he was talking, I drew near,  
And at his parting from him heard him say  
That in the afternoon, without all fail,  
He would be with him at the Court. This done,  
I watched him at his door till he had dined ;  
Followed him to Lion quay ; saw him take boat,  
And in a pair of oars, as soon as he, 50  
Landed at Greenwich ; where, ever since,  
I traced him to and fro with no less care  
Than I had done before, till at the last  
I heard him call unto a waterman,  
And bade he should be ready, for, by six,  
He meant to be at London back again.  
With that away came I to give you notice,  
That as he lands at Lion quay this evening,  
You might despatch him, and escape unseen. 59

*Bro.* Hodge, thou hast won my heart by this day's work.

*Dru.* Beshrew me, but he hath taken mighty pains.

*Bro.* Roger, come hither. There's for thee to drink ;  
And one day I will do thee greater good.

*Rog.* I thank you, sir. Hodge is at your command.

*Bro.* Now, mistress Drury, if you please, go home ;  
'Tis much upon the hour of his return.

*Rog.* Nay, I am sure he will be here straightway.

*Dru.* Well, I will leave you, for 'tis somewhat late.  
God speed your hand ; and so, master Browne, good night.

*Rog.* Mistress, I pray you, spare me for this once ; 70  
I'll be so bold as stay with master Browne.

*Dru.* Do : and, master Browne, if you prevail,

Come to my house ; I'll have a bed for you. *[Exit.*

*Bro.* You shall have knowledge if I chance to speed,  
But I'll not lodge in London for a-while,  
Until the rumour shall be somewhat past.—

Come, Roger, where is 't best to take our standing ?

*Rog.* Marry, at this corner, in my mind.

*Bro.* I like it well, 'tis dark and somewhat close,  
By reason that the houses stand so near. 80

Beside if he should land at Billingsgate,  
Yet are we still betwixt his house and him.

*Rog.* You say well, master Browne, 'tis so indeed.

*Bro.* Peace, then ! No more words, for being spied.

*Enter Anne Sanders and John Beane.*

*Anne.* I marvel, John, thou sawst him not at Court,  
He hath been there ever since one o'clock.

*Bea.* Indeed, mistress Sanders, I heard not of him.

*Anne.* Pray God that Captain Browne hath not been  
moved

By some ill motion to endanger him !

I greatly fear it, he's so long away. *[Aside.*

But tell me, John, must thou needs home to-night ? 91

*Bea.* Yes, of necessity ; for so my master bade.

*Anne.* If it be possible, I prythee stay  
Until my husband comes.

*Bea.* I dare not, trust me ;  
And I doubt that I have lost my tide already.

*Anne.* Nay, that's not so : come, I'll bring thee to  
the quay ;

I hope we shall meet my husband by the way.

*Rog.* That should be mistress Sanders, by her tongue.

*Bro.* It is my love. Oh, how the dusky night      100  
Is by her coming forth made sheen and bright!  
I'll know of her why she's abroad so late.

*Rog.* Take heed, master Browne.—See where Sanders  
comes!

*Bro.* A plague upon't! Now I am prevented;  
She being by, how can I murder him?

*Enter Sanders [and a Waterman].*

*San.* Your fare's but eighteen pence; here's half-  
a-crown.

*Waterman.* I thank your worship. God give ye good  
night!

*San.* Good night, with all my heart!

*Anne.* Oh, here he is, now.— 110  
Husband, you're welcome home. Now, Jesu, man,  
That you will be so late upon the water!

*San.* My business, sweetheart, was such I could not  
choose.

*Anne* Here's master Barnes' man hath stayed all day  
To speak with you.

*San.* John Beane, welcome. How is't?  
How doth thy master, and all our friends at Woolwich?

*Bea.* All in good health, sir, when I came thence.

*San.* And what's the news, John Beane?

*Bea.* My master, sir, requests you that upon Tuesday  
next you would take the pains to come down to Wool-  
wich, about the matter you wot of.      122

*San.* Well, John, to-morrow thou shalt know my mind.

*Bea.* Nay, sir, I must to Woolwich by this tide.

*San.* What, to-night? There is no such haste, I hope.

*Bea.* Yes, truly, with your pardon, it must be so.

*San.* Well then, if, John, you will be gone, commend Me to your master, and tell him, without fail  
On Tuesday, sometime of the day, I'll see him ;  
And so good night.

*Anne.* Commend me, likewise, to thy master, John.

*Bea.* I thank you, mistress Sanders, for my cheer ;  
Your commendations shall be delivered. 132

[*Exeunt Sanders, Anne, and Beane.*]

*Bro.* I would thyself and he were both sent hence,  
To do a message to the devil of hell,  
For interrupting this my solemn vow !  
But, questionless, some power, or else prayer  
Of some religious friend or other, guards him :  
Or else my sword 's unfortunate. 'Tis so—  
This metal was not made to kill a man.

*Rog* Good master Browne, fret not yourself so much :  
Have you forgot what the old proverb is ? 141  
'The third time pays for all.' Did you not hear  
That he sent word to master Barnes of Woolwich,  
He would be with him as on Tuesday next ?  
Twixt that and then, lie you in wait for him ;  
And though he have escaped your hand so oft,  
You may be sure to pay him home at last.

*Bro.* Fury had almost made me pass myself :  
'Tis well remembered ! Hodge, it so shall be.  
Some place will I pick out as he does pass, 150  
Either in going or in coming back,  
To end his hateful life. Come, let's away,  
And at thy mistress' house we'll spend this night  
In consultation how it may be wrought. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

## THE DUMB SHOW.

*Enter Tragedy.*

*Trag.* Twice, as you see, this sad, distressed man,  
The only mark whereat foul Murder shot,  
Just in the loose of envious, eager death,  
By accidents strange and miraculous,  
Escaped the arrow aimed at his heart.  
Suppose him on the water now for Woolwich,  
For secret business with his bosom friend ;  
From thence, as fatal destiny conducts him,  
To Mary-Cray, by some occasion called,  
Which by false Drury's means made known to Browne, 10  
Lust, Gain, and Murder spurred this villain on  
Still to pursue this unsuspecting soul.  
And now the dreadful hour of death is come,  
The dismal morning when the Destinies  
Do shear the labouring vital thread of life,  
Whenas the lamb left in the woods of Kent  
Unto this ravenous wolf becomes a prey.  
Now of his death the general intent  
Thus Tragedy doth to your eyes present.

[*The music playing, enters Lust bringing forth Browne and Roger at one end, Mistress Sanders and Mistress Drury at the other, they offering cheerfully to meet and embrace. Suddenly riseth up a great tree between them ; whereat amazedly they step back ; whereupon Lust bringeth an axe to Mistress Sanders, shewing signs that*

*she should cut it down ; which she refuseth, albeit Mistress Drury offers to help her. Then Lust brings the axe to Browne, and shews the like signs to him as before. Whereupon he roughly and suddenly hews down the tree, and then they run together and embrace. With that enters Chastity, with her hair dishevelled, and taking mistress Sanders by the hand, brings her to her husband's picture hanging on the wall, and, pointing to the tree, seems to tell her that that is the tree so rashly cut down. Whereupon she, wringing her hands, in tears departs. Browne, Drury, Roger and Lust whispering, he draws his sword, and Roger follows him. Tragedy expressing that now he goes to act the deed.*

Lust leads together this adulterous rout, 20  
 But, as you see, are hindered thus, before  
 They could attain unto their foul desires.  
 The tree springs up, whose body, whilst it stands,  
 Still keeps them back when they would fain embrace.  
 Whereat they start, for fury evermore  
 Is full replete with fear and envy.  
 Lust giveth her the axe to cut it down,  
 To rid her husband whom it represents,  
 In which this damnèd woman would assist her ;  
 But though by them seduced to consent, 30  
 And had a finger in her husband's blood,  
 Could not be won to murder him herself.  
 Lust brings the axe to Browne, who suddenly  
 Doth give the fatal stroke unto the tree ;  
 Which being done, they embrace together ;  
 The act performed, now Chastity appears,  
 And pointing to the picture and the tree,



Unto her guilty conscience shows her husband,  
Even so cut off by that vile murderer Browne:  
She wrings her hands repenting of the fact, 40  
Touched with remorse, but now it is too late.—  
What's here expressed, in act is to be done;  
The sword is drawn, the murderer forth doth run:  
Lust leads him on, he follows him with speed,  
The only actor in this damnèd deed. [*Exit.*]

SCENE. I.—*A Wood near Shooter's Hill.*

*Enter Browne reading a letter, and Roger.*

*Bro.* Did I but waver, or were unresolved,  
These lines were able to encourage me.—  
Sweet Nan, I kiss thy name, and for thy sake,  
What coward would not venture more than this?  
Kill him! Yea, were his life ten thousand lives,  
Not any spark or cinder of the same  
Should be unquenched in blood at thy request.—  
Roger, thou art assured he'll come this way?

*Rog.* Assured, sir? why, I heard him say so :  
For having lodged at Woolwich all last night 10  
As soon as day appeared, I got me up,  
And watched aloof at master Barnes' door,  
Till he and master Sanders both came forth.

*Bro.* Till both came forth! what, are they both together?

*Rog* No, sir; master Barnes himself went back again,  
And left his man to bear him company,  
John Beane, you know him; he that was at London  
When we laid wait for him at Billingsgate.

*Bro.* Is it that stripling? well, no more ado.—  
Roger, go thou unto the hedge corner, 20  
At the hill-foot; there stand and cast thine eye  
Towards Greenwich park; see if Blackheath be clear,  
Lest by some passenger we be descried.

*Rog.* Shall ye not need my help, sir? they are twain.

*Bro.* No; were they ten, mine arm is strong enough,  
Even of itself, to buckle with them all;  
And ere George Sanders shall escape me now,  
I will not reek what massacre I make.

*Rog.* Well, sir, I'll go and watch; and when I see  
Anybody coming, I'll whistle to you. [Exit. 31

*Bro.* Do so, I prythee.—I would be alone, 31  
My thoughts are studious and unsociable,  
And so's my body, till this deed be done.  
But let me see, what time a-day is't now?  
It cannot be imagined by the sun,  
For why, I have not seen it shine to-day;  
Yet as I gather, by my coming forth,  
Being then six, it cannot now be less  
Than half an hour past seven; the air is gloomy:  
No matter—darkness best fits my intent. 40  
Here will I walk; and after shroud myself  
Within these bushes, when I see them come.

*Enter Master Sanders and John Beane.*

*San.* John Beane, this is the right way, is it not?

*Bea.* Ay, sir; would to God we were past this wood!

*San.* Why, art thou afraid? See, yonder's company.

*Bro.* They have espied me; I will slip aside.

+ *Bea.* O God, sir, I am heavy at the heart! †

Good master Sanders, let's return back to Woolwich,  
Methinks I go this way against my will. †

*San.* Why so, I prythee?

*Bea.* Truly, I do not like 50

The man we saw; he slipped so soon away  
Behind the bushes.

*San.* Trust me, John, nor I;  
But yet, God willing, we will keep our way.

*Bea.* I pray you, sir, let us go back again; †  
I do remember now a dream was told me, '  
That might I have the world, I cannot choose  
But tremble every joint to think upon't. †

*San.* But we are men, let's not be so faint-hearted  
As to affright ourselves with visions.  
Come on, a God's name!

[*Browne steps out and strikes up Beane's heels.*]

*Bea.* Oh, we are undone! 60

*San.* What seek ye, sir?

*Bro.* Thy blood; which I will have.

*San.* Oh, take my money, and preserve my life!

*Bro.* It is not millions that can ransom thee,  
Nor this base drudge, for both of you must die.

*San.* Hear me a word;—you are a gentleman,  
Soil not your hands with blood of innocents.

*Bro.* Thou speak'st in vain. [*He stabs Sanders.*]

*San.* Then God forgive my sin!  
Have mercy on me, and upon thee, too,  
The bloody author of my timeless death!

*Bro.* Now will I dip my handkercher in his blood, † 70  
And send it as a token of my love.  
Look how many wounds my hand hath given him;—

So many holes I'll make within this cloth.

*San.* Jesu, receive my soul into thy hands! [*Dies.*

*Bro.* What sound was that? It was not he that spake!

The breath is vanished from his nostrils.

Was it the other? No, his wounds are such,

As he is likewise past the use of speech.

Who was it, then, that thundered in mine ears

‡ The name of Jesu? Doubtless 'twas my conscience; 80

And I am damned for this unhallowed deed.

Oh, sin, how hast thou blinded me till now! ✓

Promising me security and rest,

But giv'st me dreadful agony of soul.

What shall I do, or whither shall I fly?

The very bushes will discover me!—

See how their wounds do gape unto the skies,

Calling for vengeance.

*Enter Roger.*

*Rog.* How now, master Browne?

What, have you done? Why, so, let's away,

For I have spied, come riding o'er the heath, 90

Some half a dozen in a company.

*Bro.* Away! To London thou; I'll to the Court,

And show myself, and after follow thee.—

Give this to mistress Sanders. [*Gives him the handkerchief.*

Bid her read

Upon this bloody handkercher the thing

As I did promise, and have now performed:—

But were it, Roger to be done again,

I would not do it for a kingdom's gain.

*Rog.* Tut, faint not now; come let us haste away.

*Bro.* Oh, I must fear, whatever thou dost say ! 100  
My shadow, if nought else, will me betray. [*Exeunt.*

[*Beane left wounded and for dead, stirs and creeps.*

*Bea.* Dare I look up, for fear he yet be near,  
That thus hath martyred me ? Yea, the coast is clear :  
For all these deadly wounds, yet lives my heart.  
Alack, how loth poor life is from my limbs to part !  
I cannot go, ah no ! I cannot stand ;  
O God ! that some good body were near hand,  
To help me home to Woolwich ere I die ;  
To creep that way-ward whilst I live I'll try.  
Oh, could I crawl but from this cursèd wood, 110  
Before I drown myself in my own blood !

*Enter Old John, and Joan.*

*John.* Now, by my father's saddle, Joan, I think we  
are bewitched. My beasts were never wont to break out  
so often ; sure as death the harlotries are bespoken ; but  
it is that heifer with the white back that leads them all  
a-gadding, a good luck take her ! 116

*Joan.* It is not dismal day, master ; did ye look in the  
Aminicke ? If it be not, then 'tis either 'long of the  
brended cow, that was ne'er well in her wits since the  
butcher bought her calf ; or 'long of my dream ; or of  
my nose bleeding this morning, for as I was washing my  
hands, my nose bled three drops ; then I thought of  
John Beane,—God be with him !—for I dreamed he was  
married, and that our white calf was killed for his wed-  
ding dinner. God bless them both, for I love them both  
well ! [*Beane creeps.* 126

*John.* Marry, amen, for I tell thee my heart is heavy ;

God send me good luck : my eyes dazzle, and I could weep. Lord bless us ! What sight is this ? Look, Joan, and cross thyself. 130

*Joan.* Oh, master, master, look in my purse for a piece of ginger ; I shall swab, I shall swoond ! Cut my lace, and cover my face, I die, else ; it is John Beane, killed, cut, slain ! Master, and ye be a man, help !

*John* John Beane ? Now Gods forbod, alock, alock ! Good John, how came ye in this piteous plight ? Speak, good John ; nay, groan not ; speak ! Who has done this deed ? Thou hast not foredone thyself, hast thou ?

*Bea.* Ah no, no ! 139

*Joan.* Ah no, no, he need not have done that, for God knows I loved him as dearly as he loved me ; speak, John ; who did it ?

*Bea.* One in a white doublet and blue breeches ; he has slain another, too, not far off. Oh, stop my wounds if ye can ! 145

*John.* Joan, take my napkin and thy apron, and bind up his wounds ; and cows go where they will, till we have carried him home.

*Joan.* Woe worth him, John, that did this dismal deed ; Heart-break be his mirth, and hanging be his meed ! 150

*John.* Ah, well-a-day ! see where another lies, a handsome, comely, ancient gentleman : what an age live we in, when men have no mercy of men more than of dogs ; bloodier than beasts ! This is the deed of some swaggering, swearing, drunken, desperate Dick. Call we them Cabbaleers ? Mass, they be Canniballes, that have the stab readier in their hands than a penny in their purse. Shame's death be their share ! Joan, hast thou done ?

Come, lend me a hand to lay this good man in some bush, from birds and from beasts, till we carry home John Beane to his master's, and raise all Woolwich to fetch home this man, and make search. Lift, there, Joan : so, so.      [*They carry out Sanders, and return.*]

*Bea.* Lord, comfort my soul, my body is past cure. 164

*John.* Now let's take up John Beane : softly, Joan, softly !

*Joan.* Ah, John, little thought I to have carried thee thus, within this week ; but my hope is aslope, and my joy is laid to sleep.      [*Exeunt bearing off Beane.*]

SCENE II.—Greenwich.    *The Palace buttery.*

*Enter a Yeoman of the buttery, Browne, and Master James.*

*Yeo.* Welcome, master Browne ; what is't you'll drink, ale or beer ?

*Bro.* Marry, ale, and if you please ;  
You see, sir, I am bold to trouble you.

*Yeo.* No trouble sir, at all ; the queen, our mistress, Allows this bounty to all comers, much more To gentlemen of your sort :—some ale, there, ho !

*Enter one with a Jack, and Court dish.*

Here, master Browne, thus much to your health.

*Bro.* I thank you, sir ; nay, prythee fill my cup.  
Here, master James, to you, with all my heart.      10  
How say you now, sir, was I not a-dry ?

*Yeo.* Believe me, yes ; wilt please ye mend your draught ?

*Bro.* No more, sir ; in this heat it is not good.

*James.* It seems, master Browne, that you have gone apace.

Came you from London that you made such haste?—

But soft, what have I spied? Your hose is bloody!

*Bro.* How, bloody, where? Good sooth, 'tis so indeed!

*Yeo.* It seems it is but newly done.

*Bro.* No more it is;

And now I do remember how it came:

Myself, and some two or three gentlemen more, 20

Crossing the field, this morning, here, from Eltham,

Chanced by the way to start a brace of hares,

One of the which we killed, the other 'scaped,

And pulling forth the garbage this befell;

But 'tis no matter; it will out again.

*Yeo.* Yes, there's no doubt, with a little soap and water.

*James.* I would I had been with you at that sport.

*Bro.* I would you had, sir, 'twas good sport indeed.—

Now, afore God, this blood was ill espied; 29

But my excuse, I hope, will serve the turn. [*Aside.*

Gentlemen, I must to London this forenoon,

About some earnest business doth concern me;

Thanks for my ale, and your good companies.

*Both.* Adieu, good master Browne.

*Bro.* Farewell unto you both. [*Exit.*

*James.* An honest, proper gentleman as lives.

God be with you, sir: I'll up into the Presence. 37

*Yeo.* Y'are welcome, master James; God be with ye,  
sir! [*Exeunt.*





And tear them out for being amorous.

Oh, Sanders, my dear husband! Give me leave;

Why do you hold me! Are not my deeds ugly?

Let then my faults be written in my face.

*Dru.* Oh, do not offer violence to yourself! 30

*Anne.* Have I not done so already? Is not  
The better part of me by me misdone?

My husband, is he not slain—is he not dead?

But since you labour to prevent my grief,

I'll hide me in some closet of my house,

And there weep out mine eyes, or pine to death,

That have untimely stopped my husband's breath. [*Exit.*

*Dru.* What shall we do, Roger? Go thou and watch  
For master Browne's arrival from the Court,  
And bring him hither; happily his presence 40  
Will be a means to drive her from this passion.

In the mean space I will go after her,

And do the best I can to comfort her.

*Rog.* I will; take heed she do not kill herself.

*Dru.* For God's sake haste thee, and be circumspect.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *The Street before Sanders' House.*

*Enter Sanders' young Son, and Harry, coming from School,*

*Son.* Come, Harry, shall we play a game?

*Harry.* At what?

*Son.* Why, at cross and pile.

*Har.* You have no counters.

*Son.* Yes, but I have as many as you.

*Har.* I'll drop with you, and he that has most, take all.

*Son.* No, sir; if you'll play a game ('tis not yet  
+ twelve, by half an hour) I'll set you like a gamester.

*Har.* Go to; where shall we play?

*Son.* Here, at our door. 10

*Har.* What and if your father find us? *Where?*

*Son.* No, he's at Woolwich, and will not come home  
to-night.

*Har.* Set me, then, and here's a good.—

*Enter Browne and Roger.*

*Bro.* Is she so out of patience as thou sayst?

*Rog.* Wonderful, sir; I have not seen the like.

*Bro.* What does she mean by that? Nay, what mean I,  
To ask the question? Has she not good cause?

Oh, yes; and we have, every one of us, just cause  
To hate and be at variance with ourselves. 20

But come; I long to see her. [*He spies the boy.*

*Rog.* How now, captain?

Why stop you on the sudden? Why go you not?

What makes you look so ghastly towards the house?

*Bro.* Is not the foremost of those pretty boys  
One of George Sanders' sons?

*Rog.* Yes, 'tis his youngest.

+ *Bro.* Both young'st and eld'st are now made fatherless,  
By my unlucky hand. I prythee go

And take him from the door; the sight of him

Strikes such a terror to my guilty conscience,

As I have not the heart to look that way, 30

Nor stir my foot until he be removed.

Methinks in him I see his father's wounds

Fresh bleeding in my sight; nay, he doth stand

‡ Like to an angel with a fiery sword,  
‡ To bar mine entrance at that fatal door.—  
I prythee step and take him quickly thence.

*Rog.* Away, my pretty boy, your master comes,  
And you'll be taken playing in the street.  
What, at unlawful games! Away, be gone!  
'Tis dinner-time, young Sanders, you'll be jerked; 40  
Your mother looks for you before this time.

*Son.* Gaffer, if you'll not tell my master of me,  
I'll give you this new silk point.

*Rog.* Go to, I will not.

*Har.* Nor of me, and there's two counters; I have  
won no more.

*Rog.* Of neither of you, so you will be gone.

*Son.* God be with you, ye shall see me no more.

*Har.* Nor me; I mean, playing at this door. [*Exeunt.*

*Rog.* Now, captain, if you please, you may come  
forward;

But see where mistress Sanders and my mistress 50  
Are coming forth to meet you on the way.

*Enter Anne Sanders, and Drury.*

*Dru.* See where master Browne is, in him take comfort.  
And learn to temper your excessive grief.

*Anne.* Ah, bid me feed on poison and be fat;  
Or look upon the basilisk and live;  
Or surfeit daily and be still in health;  
Or leap into the sea and not be drowned;  
All these are even as possible as this,  
That I should be recomfited by him  
That is the author of my whole lament. 60

Bro. Why, mistress Anne, I love you dearly,  
And but for your incomparable beauty,  
My soul had never dreamed of Sanders' death :  
Then give me that which now I do deserve,  
Yourself, your love, and I will be to you  
A husband so devote, as none more just,  
Or more affectionate, shall tread this earth.

Anne. If you can crave it of me with a tongue  
That hath not been profaned with wicked vows,  
Or think it in a heart did never harbour 70  
Pretence of murder, or put forth a hand  
As not contaminate with shedding blood,  
Then will I willingly grant your request :  
But, Oh ! your hand, your heart, your tongue, and eye,  
Are all presenters of my misery !

Bro. Talk not of that, but let us study now  
How we may salve it, and conceal the fact.

Anne. Mountains will not suffice to cover it ;  
Cimmerian darkness cannot shadow it ;  
Nor any policy wit hath in store 80  
Cloak it so cunningly, but at the last,  
If nothing else, yet will the very stones  
That lie within the streets cry out for vengeance,  
And point at us to be the murderers. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Greenwich. *A Council chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter three Lords, Master James, and two Messengers with their boxes ; one Lord reading a letter.*

1 Lord. 'Fore God, my lords, a very bloody act !

[*This hath the letter.*

2 Lord. Yea, and committed in eye of court,  
Audaciously, as who should say he durst  
Attempt a murder in despite of law.

3 Lord. Pray ye let's see your letter, good my lord.

[*He takes and reads the letter.*]

Ten wounds at least, and deadly every wound,  
And yet he lives, and tells marks of the man !  
E'en at the edge of Shooter's hill,—so near !

1 Lord. We shall not need to send these messengers,  
For hue and cry may take the murderers. 10

*Enter a fourth Lord, with a Waterman and a Page.*

4 Lord. Nay, sirrah, you shall tell this tale again,  
Before the lords ; come on. My lords, what news ?

1 Lord. Bad news, my lord. A cruel murder's done,  
Near Shooter's hill, and here's a letter come  
From Woolwich, from a gentleman of worth,  
Noting the manner and the marks of him,  
By likelihood, that did that impious deed.

4 Lord. 'Tis noised at London that a merchant's slain ;  
One master Sanders, dwelling near Thames street,  
And that George Browne, a man whom we all know, 20  
Is vehemently suspected for the fact,  
And fled upon't, and this same waterman,  
That brought me down, says he rowed him up,  
And that his hose were bloody, which he hid  
Still with his hat, sitting barehead in the boat,  
And sighed and stared as one that was afraid.—  
How sayst thou, sirrah, was't not so he did ?

Wat. Yes, and't please your lordship, so it was.

1 Lord. What did he wear ?

Wat. A doublet of white satin,  
And a large pair of breeches of blue silk. 30

2 *Lord.* Was he so suited when you drank with him  
Here in the buttery?

*James.* Yea, my lord, he was.

3 *Lord.* And his hose bloody?

*James.* Just as he affirms.

3 *Lord*: Confer the marks the wounded fellow tells,  
With these reports.

*I Lord [reads].* 'The man that did the deed,  
Was fair and fat; his doublet of white silk,  
His hose of blue.' [*Looks off.*] I am sorry for George  
Browne;—

'T was he, my lords !

4 Lord. The more accursèd man !  
Get warrants drawn ; and, messengers, attend,  
Call all your fellows, ride out every way ; 40  
Post to the ports, give charge that no man pass  
Without our warrant. One take boat to London ;  
Command the sheriffs make wise and speedy search ;  
Decipher him by all the marks you can :  
Let blood be paid with blood in any man.

1 *Lord.* We were to blame, else; come, my lords, let's in  
To sign our warrants, and to send them out. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—London. *A Room in Drury's House.*

*Enter Drury, and Roger with a bag.*

*Dru* Why, Roger, canst thou get but twenty pound,  
Of all the plate that thou hadst from us both?  
Mine own's worth twenty; what hadst thou of her?

*Rog.* Two bowls and spoons, I know not what myself ;  
'Tis in a note, and I could get no more  
But twenty pound.

*Dru.* Alas, 't will do no good !  
And he must thence ; if he be ta'en he dies :  
On his escape, thou know'st, our safety lies.

*Rog.* That's true ; alas ! what will ye have me do ?

*Dru.* Run to Nan Sanders, bid her make some shift ; 10  
Try all her friends to help at this dead lift,  
For all the money that she can devise,  
And send by thee with all the haste she may :  
Tell her we die if Browne make any stay.

*Rog.* I will, I will ! [Exit.]

*Dru.* Thou wilt, thou wilt ; alas,  
That e'er this dismal deed was brought to pass !  
But now 'tis done, we must prevent the worst,

*Enter Browne.*

And here comes he that makes us all accursed.—  
How now, George Browne ?

*Bro.* Nan Drury, now undone ;  
Undone by that, that thou hast made me do. 20

*Dru.* I make ye do it ! your own love made ye do it.

*Bro.* Well, done it is ; what shall we now say to 't ?  
Search is made for me, be I ta'en, I die ;  
And there are other as far in as I.  
I must beyond sea, money have I none,  
Nor dare I look for any of mine own.

*Dru.* Here's twenty pound I borrowed of my plate,  
And to your mistress I have sent for more,  
By Hodge, my man.



---

*Re-enter Roger.*

Now, Roger, hast thou sped?

*Rog.* Yea, of six pound; 'tis all that she can make;     30  
She prays ye take 't in worth, and to be gone;  
She hears the sheriffs will be there anon,  
And at our house:—a thousand commendations  
She sends you, praying you to shift for yourself.

*Bro.* Even as I may. Roger, farewell to thee—  
If I were richer, then thou shouldst go with me;  
But poverty parts company. Farewell, Nan,  
Commend me to my mistress, if you can.

*Dru.* Step thither yourself, I dare not come there;  
I'll keep my house close, for I am in fear.     40

*Rog.* God be with you, good captain!

*Bro.* Farewell, gentle Hodge.—

Oh, master Sanders, wert thou now alive,  
All London's wealth thy death should not contrive!  
This heat of love an hasty climbing breeds;  
God bless all honest tall men from such deeds! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### THE DUMB SHOW.

*Enter Tragedy afore the Show.*

*Trag.* Prevailing sin having by three degrees  
Made his ascension to forbidden deeds,  
At first alluring their unwary minds  
To like what she proposed, then practising  
To draw them to consent; and, last of all,  
Ministering fit means and opportunity

To execute what she approvèd good ;  
 Now she unveils their sight, and lets them see  
 The horror of their foul immanity ;  
 And wrath, that all this while hath been obscured, 10  
 Steps forth before them in a thousand shapes  
 Of ghastly thoughts and loathing discontents,  
 So that the rest was promised, now appears  
 Unrest and deep affliction of the soul.  
 Delight proves danger, confidence despair,  
 As by this following show shall more appear. 16

*Enter Justice and Mercy, when, having taken their seats, Justice falls into a slumber. Then enters wronged Chastity, and in dumb action uttering her grief to Mercy, is put away : whereon she wakes Justice, who, listening her attentively, starts up, commanding his officers to attend her. Then go they with her, and fetch forth Master Sanders' body, Mistress Sanders, Drury and Roger, led after it, and being shown it, they all seem very sorrow-full, and so are led away. But Chastity shows that the chief offender is not as yet taken, whereon Justice dispatcheth his servant Diligence to make further enquiry after the murderer, and so they depart the stage with Chastity.*

*Trag.* Thus lawless actions and prodigious crimes  
 Drink not the blood alone of them they hate,  
 But even their ministers, when they have done  
 All that they can, must help to fill the scene, 20  
 And yield their guilty necks unto the block.  
 For which intent, the wrongèd Chastity,  
 Prostrate before the sacred throne of Justice,  
 With wringing hands and cheeks besprent with tears,

Pursues the murderers; and being heard  
Of Mercy first, that in relenting words  
Would fain persuade her to humility,  
She turns from her, and with her tender hand  
Wakes slumbering Justice; when, her tale being told,  
And the dead body brought for instance forth,      30  
Straight inquisition and search is made,  
And the offenders as you did behold,  
Discovered where they thought to be unseen.  
Then trial now remains, as shall conclude,  
Measure for measure, and lost blood for blood.      [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—Rochester.    *The house of Browne, a butcher.*

*Enter master Browne, and one Browne a butcher in Rochester.*

*But.* 'Tis marvel, cousin Browne, we see you here,  
And thus alone without all company;  
You were not wont to visit Rochester,  
But you had still some friend or other with you.

*Bro.* Such is the occasion, cousin, at this time,  
And for the love I bear you, I am bold  
To make myself your guest, rather than lie  
In any public inn, because, indeed,  
The house where I was wont to host is full  
Of certain Frenchmen and their followers      10

*But.* Nay, cousin Browne, I would not have you think  
I do object thus much, as one unwilling  
To show you any kindness that I can.  
My house, though homely, yet such as it is,  
And I myself, will be at your command.  
I love you for your namesake, and, trust me, sir,

Am proud that such a one as you will call me cousin,  
Though I am sure we are no kin at all.

*Bro.* Yes, cousin, we are kin; nor do I scorn  
At any time to acknowledge as much, 20  
Towards men of baser calling than yourself.

*But.* It may be so, sir; but to tell you truth,  
It seemed somewhat strange to me at first,  
And I was half afraid some ill had happened,  
That made you careful whom you trusted to.

*Bro.* Faith, cousin, none but this: I owe some money,  
And one I am indebted to, of late  
Hath brought his action to an outlawry,  
And seeks to do me all extremity;  
But that I am not yet provided for him, 30  
And that he shall not have his will of me,  
I do absent me, till a friend of mine  
Do see what order he may take with him.

*But.* How now, who's this?

*Enter Master Mayor, Master James, with a Pursuivant  
and others.*

*Mayor.* Where are you, neighbour Browne?

*But.* Master Mayor, y'are welcome; what's the news,  
sir,

You come so guarded? Is there aught amiss?

*Bro.* Heaven will have justice shown: it is even so!  
[*Aside.*]

*James.* I can assure you 'tis the man we seek,  
Then do your office, master Mayor.

*Mayor.* George Browne,  
I do arrest you, in her highness' name, 40  
As one suspected to have murdered

George Sanders, citizen of London.

*Bro.* Of murder, sir? There lives not in this land  
Can touch me with the thought of murder.

*Mayor.* Pray God it be so!—but you must along  
Before their honours, there to answer it;  
Here's a commission that commands it so.

*Bro.* Well, sir, I do obey, and do not doubt  
But I shall prove me innocent therein.

*James.* Come, master Mayor, it is the council's pleasure;  
You must assist us till we come to Woolwich,                     51  
Where we have order to confer at large  
With master Barnes concerning this mishap.

*Mayor.* With all my heart: farewell, good neighbour  
Browne.

*But.* God keep you, master Mayor, and all the rest.—  
And, master Browne, believe me, I am sorry  
It was your fortune to have no more grace.

*Bro.* Cousin, grieve not for me, my case is clear: 59  
Suspected, men may be, but need not fear.                     [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Woolwich. *A Room in Barnes' House.*

*Enter John Beane, brought in a chair, Master Barnes, and  
Master James.*

*Bar.* Sir, how much I esteemed this gentleman,  
And in how high respect I held his love,  
My griefs can hardly utter.

*James.* It shall not need; your love after his death  
expresses it.

*Bar.* I would to God it could! and I am very glad my  
lords of her most honourable Council, have made choice

of yourself, so grave a gentleman, to see the manner of this cruel murder. 9

*James.* Sir, the most unworthy I, of many men, but that in the high bounty of your kindness so you term me. But, trust me master Barnes, among the rest that was reported to them of the murder, they hardly were induced to believe that this poor soul, having so many wounds, [*Laying his hand upon him.*] and all so mortal as they were reported, with so much loss of blood, should possibly yet live;—why, it is past belief.

*Bar.* Sir, it is so; your worthy self can witness, As strange to us, that look upon the wretch,  
As the report thereof unto their wisdoms. 20

*James.* More fearful wounds, nor hurts more dangerous,  
Upon my faith, I have not seen.

*Bea.* Hey, ho, a little drink. Oh, my head!

*Bar.* Good John, how dost thou?

*Bea.* Who's that? father John?

*Bar.* Nay, John, thy-master.

*Bea.* O Lord, my belly!

*James.* He spends more breath that issues through  
his wounds,  
Than through his lips.

*Bea.* I am dry.

*Bar.* John, dost thou know me?

*James.* See where thy master is; look, dost thou  
know him? 30

*Bar.* Sir, he never had his perfit memory since the first hour.

*James.* Surely he cannot last.

*Bar.* And yet, sir, to our seeming, I assure you

He sat not up so strongly, as you see him,  
Since he was brought into this house, as now.

*James.* 'Tis very strange!

*Enter the Mayor of Rochester, with Browne and Officers.*

*Bar.* As I take it, master Mayor of Rochester.

*Mayor.* The same, good master Barnes.

*Bar.* What happy fortune sent you here to Woolwich,  
That yet your company may give us comfort      41  
In this sad time?

*Mayor.* Believe me, sad indeed, and very sad;  
Sir, the Council's warrant lately came to me  
About the search for one captain George Browne,  
As it should seem suspected for this murder,  
Whom in my search I hap'd to apprehend;  
And hearing that the bodies of the murdered  
Remained here, I thought it requisite  
To make this in my way unto the Court,      50  
Now going thither with the prisoner.

*Bar.* Believe me, sir, ye have done right good service,  
And shown yourself a painful gentleman,  
And shall no doubt deserve well of the state.

*James.* No doubt you shall, and I durst assure you so,  
The Council will accept well of the same.

*Bar.* Good master Mayor, this wretched man of mine  
Is not yet dead; look you where he sits;  
But past all sense, and labouring to his end.

*Mayor.* Alas, poor wretch!      60

*Bar.* Is this that Browne that is suspected to have done  
The murder? A goodly man, believe me:  
Too fair a creature for so foul an act.

*Bro.* My name is Browne, sir.

*James.* I know you well; your fortunes have been fair  
As any gentleman's of your repute :

But, Browne, should you be guilty of this fact,  
As this your flight hath given shrewd suspicion,  
Oh, Browne, your hands have done the bloodiest deed  
That ever was committed. 70

*Bro.* He doth not live dare charge me with it.

*James.* Pray God there be not !

*Mayor.* Sergeants, bring him near; see if this poor  
soul know him.

*Bar.* It cannot be; this two day's space  
He knew no creature.

*Bro.* Swounds, lives the villain yet?  
Oh how his very sight affrights my soul !

His very eyes will speak, had he no tongue,  
And will accuse me. [Aside,

✓ *Bar.* See how his wounds break out afresh in bleeding.

*James.* He stirs himself !

*Mayor.* He openeth his eyes! 81

*Bar.* See how he looks upon him !

*Bro.* I gave him fifteen wounds,  
Which now be fifteen mouths that do accuse me;  
In every wound there is a bloody tongue,  
Which will all speak, although he hold his peace :  
By a whole jury I shall be accused. [Aside.

*Bar.* John, dost thou hear? Knowest thou this man?

*Bea.* Yea, this is he that murdered me and master  
Sanders. [He sinks down.

*James.* Oh, hold him up !

*Mayor.* John, comfort thyself. 90



*James.* Bow him; give him air.

*Bar.* No; he's dead!

*Bro.* Methinks he is so fearful in my sight,  
That were he now but where I saw him last,  
For all this world I would not look on him. [*Aside.*

*Bar.* The wondrous work of God, that the poor creature,  
Not speaking for two days, yet now should speak  
T' accuse this man, and presently yield up his soul! ? *What?*

*James.* 'Tis very strange, and the report thereof  
Can seem no less unto the lords.

*Mayor.* Sergeants, away, prepare you for the court, 100  
And I will follow you immediately.

[*Exeunt Officers with Browne.*

*Bar.* Sure, the revealing of this murder's strange.

*James.* It is so, sir; but in the case of blood,  
God's justice hath been still miraculous.

*Mayor.* I have heard it told, that digging up a grave, *q<sup>ue</sup>*  
Wherein a man had twenty years been buried,  
By finding of a nail knocked in the scalp,  
By due enquiry who was buried there,  
The murder yet at length did come to light.

*Bar.* I have heard it told, that once a traveller, 100  
Being in the hands of him that murdered him,  
Told him the fern that then grew in the place,  
If nothing else, yet that would sure reveal him.  
And seven years after, being safe in London,  
There came a sprig of fern, borne by the wind,  
Into the room whereas the murderer was,  
At sight whereof he suddenly start up,  
And then revealed the murder.

*James.* I'll tell you, sir, one more to quite your tale

A woman that had made away her husband, 120  
 And sitting to behold a tragedy,  
 At Lynn, a town in Norfolk,  
 Acted by players travelling that way,—  
 Wherein a woman that had murdered hers—  
 Was ever haunted with her husband's ghost.  
 The passion written by a feeling pen,  
 And acted by a good tragedian,—  
 She was so moved with the sight thereof,  
 As she cried out, 'The play was made by her,'  
 And openly confess[ed] her husband's murder. 130

*Bar.* However theirs, God's name be praised for this!  
 You, master Mayor, I see, must to the Court,  
 I pray you do my duty to the lords.

*Mayor.* That will I, sir.

*James.* Come, I'll go along with you. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—Woolwich. *The Justice Room.*

*Enter the Lords at the Court, and Messengers.*

*1 Lord.* Where was Browne apprehended, messenger?

*2 Mes.* At Rochester, my lord, in a butcher's house  
 of his own name, from thence brought up to Woolwich.

*4 Lord.* And there the fellow he left for dead with all  
 those wounds, affirmed that it was he.

*1 Mes.* He did, my lord, and with a constant voice,  
 Prayed God forgive Browne, and receive his soul,  
 And so departed.

*1 Lord.* 'Tis a wondrous thing,  
 (But that the power of heaven sustained him)  
 A man with nine or ten such mortal wounds, 10

Not taking food, should live so many days,  
And then at sight of Browne recover strength,  
And speak so cheerly as they say he did.

4 *Lord.* Ay, and soon after he avouched the fact  
Unto Browne's face, then to give up the ghost.

2 *Lord.* 'T was God's good will it should be so, my lord !  
But what said Browne, did he deny the deed ?

1 *Mes.* Never, my lord ; but did with tears lament  
(As seemed to us) his heinous cruelty.

1 *Lord.* When will they come ?

1 *Mes.* Immediately, my lord ;      20  
For they have wind and tide, and boats to wait.

*Enter Master James.*

*James.* My lords, the Mayor of Rochester is come  
With Browne.      [*Exit.*

4 *Lord.* Let him come in. You, messenger,  
Haste you to London to the Justices ;  
Will them, from us, see an indictment drawn  
Against George Browne for murdering of George Sanders.

*Enter Mayor, Browne, a Messenger, another, and*  
*M. Humphrey.*

1 *Lord.* Welcome, good master Mayor of Rochester.

*Mayor.* I humbly thank your honours.

4 *Lord.*      We thank you,  
For your great care and diligence in this,      30  
And many other faithful services.—

Now, master Browne, I am sorry it was your hap  
To be so far from grace and fear of God,  
As to commit so bloody a murder.

What say ye, are ye not sorry for it ?

*Bro.* Yes, my lord, and were it now to do,  
All the world's wealth could not entice me to 't.

*1 Lord.* Was there any ancient quarrel, Browne,  
Betwixt yourself and master Sanders ?

*Bro.* No.

*2 Lord.* Was 't for the money that he had about him ?

*Bro.* No, my good lord, I knew of none he had. 41

*4 Lord.* No ! I heard an inkling of the cause :  
You did affect his wife, George Browne, too much.

*Bro.* I did, my lord, and God forgive it me.

*3 Lord.* Then she provoked ye to despatch him ?

*Bro.* No.

*4 Lord.* Yes ; and promised you should marry her.

*Bro.* No, I will take it upon my death.

*1 Lord.* Some other were confederate in the fact :  
Confess, then, Browne ; discharge thy conscience.

*Bro.* I will, my lord, at hour of my death. 50

*2 Lord.* Nay, now, that they, with thee, may die for it.

*Enter Master James, and delivers a letter.*

*4 Lord.* From whom is this letter ? [*Opens and reads it.*]

*James.* From the sheriffs of London.

*4 Lord.* I told ye mistress Sanders' hand was in.  
The act's confessed by two, that she knew on 't.

*Bro.* They do her wrong, my lords, upon my life.

*4 Lord.* Why, Drury's wife and Roger do affirm,  
Unto her face, that she did give consent.

*Bro.* God pardon them, they wrong the innocent !  
They both are guilty, and procured the deed, 60  
And gave me money since the deed was done—

Twenty-six pound—to carry me away ;  
But mistress Sanders, as I hope for heaven,  
Is guiltless, ignorant how it was done ;  
But Drury's wife did bear me still in hand  
If he were dead she would effect the marriage ;  
And trusty Roger, her base apple-squire,  
Haunted me like a sprite till it was done,  
And now, like devils, accuse that harmless soul

1 Lord. Well, master Browne, we're sorry for your fall;

You were a man respected of us all, 71

And noted fit for many services;

And fie that wanton lust should overthrow

Such gallant parts in any gentleman.

Now all our favours cannot do ye good,

The act's too odious to be spoken of,

Therefore we must dismiss ye to the law.

4 Lord. Expect no life, but meditate of death ;

And for the safeguard of thy sinful soul,

Conceal no part of truth for friend or foe.— 80

And, master Mayor, as you have taken pains,

So finish it, and see him safe conveyed

To the Justices of the Bench at Westminster:

Will them from us to try him speedily.

That gentleman shall go along with you,

And take in writing his confession.

2 Lord. Farewell, George Browne, discharge thy conscience.

*Bro.* I do, my lord, that Sanders' wife is clear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Westminster. *The Court of King's Bench.*

*Enter a Sheriff, Clerk of the Court, and Officers.*

1 Offi. Come, let's make haste, and well prepare this place.

2 Offi. How well, I pray you? what haste more than was wont?

1 Offi. Why, divers lords are come from Court to-day, To see th'arraignment of this lusty Browne.

2 Offi. Lusty, how lusty? Now he's tame enough, And will be tamer. Oh, a lusty youth! Lustily fed, and lustily apparelled; Lusty in look, in gait, in gallant talk; Lusty in wooing, in fight, in murdering, And lustily hanged; there's th'end of lusty Browne! 10

1 Offi. Hold your lusty peace, for here come the lords.

*Enter Lord Mayor, Lord Justice, and four other Lords.*

L. Mayor. Please it your honours, place yourselves, my lords.

L. Just. Bring forth the prisoner, and keep silence there. Prepare the indictment, that it may be read.

*Browne is brought in.*

Clerk. To the bar, George Browne, and hold up thy hand. 16

[Reads.] *Thou art here indicted by the name of George Browne, late of London, gentleman, for that thou, upon the twenty-fifth day of March, in the fifteenth year of the reign of her Sacred Majesty, whom God long preserve, between the*

*hours of seven and eight of the clock in the forenoon of the same day, near unto Shooter's Hill in the county of Kent, lying in wait of purpose and pretended malice, having no fear of God before thine eyes, the persons of George Sanders gentleman, and John Beane, yeoman, then and there journeying in God's peace and the prince's, feloniously did assault, and with one sword, price six shillings, mortally and wilfully, in many place didst wound unto the death, against the peace, crown, and dignity of her Majesty. How sayest thou to these felonious murders? Art thou guilty or not guilty?*      30

*Bro.* Guilty.

*L. Just.* The Lord have mercy upon thee!—Master Sheriff, ye shall not need to return any jury to pass upon him, for he hath pleaded guilty, and stands convict at the bar attending his judgment.—What canst thou say for thyself Browne, why sentence of death should not be pronounced against thee?

*Bro.* Nothing, my lord, but only do beseech  
Those noblemen, assistants on that bench,  
And you, my lord, who are to justice sworn,      40  
As you will answer at God's judgment seat,  
To have a care to save the innocent,  
And, as myself, to let the guilty die,—  
That's Drury's wife, and her man trusty Roger.  
But if Anne Sanders die, I do protest,  
As a man dead in law, that she shall have  
The greatest wrong that e'er had guiltless soul.

*L. Just.* She shall have justice, and with favour, Browne.

*4 Lord.* Assure yourself, Browne, she shall have no

*Bro.* I humbly thank your lordships.      [wrong.

*2 Lord.*      Hark ye, Browne,      50

What countryman are ye born ?

*Bro.* Of Ireland, and in Dublin.

*L. Just.* Have you not a brother called Anthony Browne ?

*Bro.* Yes, my lord, whom, as I hear,  
Your lordship keeps close prisoner now in Newgate.

*L. Just.* Well, two bad brothers ; God forgive ye both !

*Bro.* Amen, my lord, and you, and all the world.

*L. Just.* Attend your sentence.

*Bro.* Presently, my lord :

But I have one petition first to make

Unto those noblemen, which, on my knees, 60

I do beseech them may not be denied.

*4 Lord.* What is 't, George Browne ?

*Bro.* I know the law

Condemns a murderer to be hanged in chains :

Oh, good, my lords, as you are noblemen,

Let me be buried so soon as I am dead.

*1 Lord.* Thou shalt, thou shalt ; let not that trouble thee,  
But hear thy judgment.

*L. Just.* Browne, thou art here by law condemned to die,  
Which by thine own confession thou deserv'st.

All men must die, although by divers means, 70

The manner how is of least moment, but

The matter why, condemns or justifies.

But be of comfort ; though the world condemn,

Yea, though thy conscience sting thee for thy fact,

Yet God is greater than thy conscience,

And he can save whom all the world condemns,

If true repentance turn thee to His grace.

Thy time is short, therefore spend this thy time



In prayer and contemplation of thy end ;  
Labour to die better than thou hast lived :  
God grant thou mayst ! Attend thy judgment now :—  
Thou must go from hence to the place 81  
From whence thou cam'st,  
From thence to th' appointed place of execution,  
And there be hangèd until thou be dead,  
And thy body after at the prince's pleasure ;  
And so the Lord have mercy upon thee, Browne.  
Master sheriff, see execution. And now take him hence,  
And bring those other prisoners that you have.

Bro. My lords, forget not my petitions ;  
Save poor Anne Sanders, for she's innocent ; 90  
And, good, my lords, let me not hang in chains.

4 Lord. Farewell; let none of these things trouble thee.  
[*Browne is led out, and Anne Sanders and Drury brought in.*]

1 *Lord.* See how he labours to acquit Anne Sanders.

4 *Lord.* What hath his brother, that is in Newgate,  
done?

*L. Just.* Notorious felonies in Yorkshire, my lord.—  
Here come the prisoners:—bring them to the bar;  
Read their indictment; master Sheriff, prepare  
Your jury ready. Command silence there!

[*Anne Sanders hath a white rose in her bosom.*

*Clerk.* Anne Sanders, and Anne Drury, to the bar,  
and hold up your hands.— 100

[Reads.] You are here jointly and severally indited in form following, viz., that you, Anne Sanders, and Anne Drury, late of London, spinsters, and thou, Roger Clement, late of the same, yeoman, and every of you jointly and severally, before and after the twenty-fifth day of March, last

*past, in the fifteenth year of the reign of her Sacred Majesty, whom God long preserve, having not the fear of God before your eyes, did maliciously conspire and conclude with one George Browne, gent., the death of George Sanders, late husband to you, Anne Sanders, and did entice, animate, and procure the said George Browne to murder the said Master Sanders: and also after the said heinous murder committed, did with money and other means aid, relieve, and abet the said Browne, knowing him to have done the deed, whereby you are all accessories both before and after the fact, contrary to the peace, crown, and dignity of our sovereign Lady the Queen. How say ye, severally, are ye guilty, or not guilty, as accessories both before and after, to this felony and murder?*

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*Anne.* Not guilty.

*Dru.* Not guilty.

*Clerk.* How will ye be tried?

*Both.* By God and by the country.

*L. Just.* Bring forth trusty Roger, there.

*Enter Roger.*

Roger, what sayst thou to this letter?

Who gave it thee to carry unto Browne?

*Rog.* My mistress gave it me;  
And she did write it on our Lady's eve.

*L. Just.* Did mistress Sanders know thereof, or no?

*Rog.* She read it twice before the same was sealed.

*Anne.* Did I, thou wicked man!

This man is hired to betray my life.

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*2 Lord.* Fie, mistress Sanders, you do not well  
To use such speeches, when ye see the case

Is too, too manifest. But I pray ye,  
Why do you wear that white rose in your bosom?

Anne. In token of my spotless innocence :  
As free from guilt as is this flower from stain.

2 Lord. I fear it will not fall out so!

*L. Just.* Roger, what money carried you to Browne, After the deed, to get him gone withal?

*Reg.* Twenty-six pounds, which coin was borrowed,  
Part of my mistress' plate, and some of mistress Sanders.

*L. Just.* How say ye to that, mistress Sanders? 141

Anne. Indeed, I grant I miss[ed] some of my plate,  
And now am glad I know the thief that stole it.

*Rog.* Oh, God forgive ye! you did give it me:  
And God forgive me, I did love ye all  
Too well, which now I dearly answer for.

1 *Lord.* Anne Drury, what say you? was not the plate  
Part of it yours, and the rest mistress Sanders',  
According as your man hath here confessed, 149  
With which he borrowed twenty pound for Browne?

*Dru.* My lord, it was.

2 *Lord.* And you and she together  
Were privy of the letter which was sent;  
Was it so, or no? Why do you not speak?

*Dru.* It was, my lord; and mistress Sanders knew  
That Roger came the morning ere he went,  
And had a token from her to George Browne,  
A handkercher, which after was sent back  
Imbrued in Sanders' blood.

*L. Just.* Who brought that handkercher?

*Dru.* That did my man.

1 *Lord.* To whom did you deliver it, sirrah? 169

*Rog.* To mistress Sanders, at her house, my lord.

*Anne.* Oh, God! My lords, he openly belies me,  
I kept my childbed-chamber at that time,  
Where 't was not meet that he, or any man,  
Should have access.

*L. Just.* Go to! Clog not your soul  
With new additions of more heinous sin.  
'Tis thought beside conspiring of his death,  
You wronged your husband with unchaste behaviour,  
For which the justice of the righteous God  
Meaning to strike you, yet reserves a place 170  
Of gracious mercy, if you can repent;  
And, therefore, bring your wickedness to light,  
That suffering for it in this world, you might,  
Upon your hearty sorrow, be set free,  
And 'fear no further judgment in the next;  
But if you spurn at His affliction,  
And bear His chastisement with grudging minds,  
Your precious souls, as well as here your bodies,  
Are left in hazard of eternal death.  
Be sorry, therefore, 'tis no petty sin, 180  
But murder most unnatural of all,  
Wherewith your hands are tainted, and in which  
Before and after the accursèd fact,  
You stand as accessory. To be brief,  
You shall be carried back unto the place  
From whence you came, and so from thence, at last,  
Unto the place of execution, where  
You shall all three be hanged till you be dead:  
And so the Lord have mercy on your souls! 189

*Anne.* Ah, good, my lords, be good unto Anne Sanders,

Or else you cast away an innocent !

2 *Lord.* It should not seem so by the rose you wear;  
His colour now is of another hue.

Anne. So you will have it; but my soul is still  
As free from murder as it was at first.

*L. Just.* I think no less.—Jailor, away with them.

*Anne.* Well, well, Anne Drury, I may curse the time  
That e'er I saw thee; thou brought'st me to this!

*Rog.* I will not curse, but God forgive ye both,  
For had I never known nor you, nor her, 200  
I had not come unto this shameful death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Smithfield. *The place of execution.*

*Enter Master Browne, to execution, with the Sheriff and Officers.*

Bro. Why do you stay me in the way of death?  
The people's eyes have fed them with my sight;  
The little babies in the[ir] mother's arms  
Have wept for those poor babies, seeing me,  
That I, by my murder, have left fatherless,  
And shrieked and started when I came along,  
And sadly sighed, as when their nurses use  
To fright them with some monster when they cry.

*Sher.* You have a brother, Browne, that for a murder,  
Is lately here committed unto Newgate, 10  
And hath obtained he may speak with you.

*Bro.* Have I a brother that hath done the like ?  
Is there another Browne hath killed a Sanders ?  
It is my other self hath done the deed :  
I am a thousand, every murderer is my own self ;

I am at one time in a thousand places,  
And I have slain a thousand Sanderses !  
In every shire, each city, and each town,  
George Sanders still is murdered by George Browne.

*Browne's brother is brought forth.*

*Broth.* Brother !

*Bro.* Dost thou mean me ? 20

Is there a man will call me brother ?

*Broth.* Yes, I will call thee so, and may do it,  
That have a hand as deep in blood as thou.

*Bro.* Brother, I know thee well. Of whence was thine ?

*Broth.* Of York he was.

*Bro.* Sanders of London, mine.

Then see I well, England's two greatest towns,  
Both filled with murders done by both the Brownes !

*Broth.* Then may I rightly challenge thee a brother :  
Thou slew'st one in the one, I one in th' other.

*Bro.* When didst thou thine ?

*Broth.* A month or five weeks past. 30

*Bro.* Hardly to say, then, which was done the last.  
Where shalt thou suffer ?

*Broth.* Where I did the fact.

*Bro.* And I here, brother, where I laid my act.  
Then I see well, that be it near or further,  
That heaven will take due revenge on murder.

*Broth.* Brother, farewell, I see we both must die :  
At London, you, this week, next, at York, I.

*Bro.* Two luckless brothers sent both at one hour,  
The one from Newgate, th' other from the Tower.

[*Exit Brother.*]

*Sher.* Browne, yet at last to satisfy the world, 40  
And for a true and certain testimony  
Of thy repentance for this deed committed,  
Now, at the hour of death, as thou dost hope  
To have thy sins forgiven at God's hands,  
Freely confess (what yet unto this hour  
Against thy conscience, Browne, thou hast concealed,)  
Anne Sanders' knowledge of her husband's death.

*Bro.* Have I not made a covenant with her,  
That, for the love I ever bare to her,  
I will not sell her life by my confession? 50  
And shall I now confess it? I am a villain:—  
I will never do it! Shall it be said Browne proved  
A recreant? And yet I have a soul—  
Well, God the rest reveal:  
I will confess my sins, but this conceal.— [*Aside.*  
Upon my death, she's guiltless of the fact.—  
Well, much ado I had to bring it out;  
My conscience scarce would let me utter it:  
I'm glad 'tis past. [*Aside.*

*Sher.* But, Browne, it is confessed by Drury's wife 60  
That she is guilty; which doth fully prove  
Thou hast no true contrition, but conceal'st  
Her wickedness,—the bawd unto her sin.

*Bro.* Let her confess what she thinks good;  
Trouble me no more, good master Sheriff.

*Sher.* Browne, thy soul knows.

*Bro.* Yea, yea, it does; pray you, be quiet, sir.—  
Vile world, how like a monster come I soiled from thee!  
How have I wallowed in thy loathsome filth, 70  
Drunk and besmeared with all thy bestial sin!

I never spake of God, unless when I  
Have blasphemed his name with monstrous oaths;  
I never read the Scriptures in my life,  
But did esteem them worse than vanity;  
I never came in church where God was taught,  
Nor ever, to the comfort of my soul,  
Took benefit of sacrament or baptism.  
The Sabbath days I spent in common stews,  
Unthrifty gaming, and vile perjuries. 80  
I held no man once worthy to be spoke of,  
That went not in some strange disguised attire,  
Or had not fetched some vile, monstrous fashion  
To bring in odious, detestable pride.  
I hated any man that did not do  
Some damnèd, or some hated, filthy deed,  
That had been death for virtuous men to hear.  
Of all the worst that live, I was the worst:  
Of all the cursed, I the most accursed.  
All careless men, be warnèd by my end, 90  
And by my fall, your wicked lives amend. [*He leaps off.*]

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* It is the Council's pleasure, master Sheriff,  
The body be conveyed to Shooter's Hill,  
And there hung up in chains.

*Sher.*

It shall be done. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE VI.—Greenwich. *A Room in Master James' House.*

*Enter Master James, with the Minister.*

*James.* Why, then, you are persuaded, certainly, That mistress Sanders is mere innocent?

*Min.* That am I, sir, even in my very soul.  
Compare but all the likelihoods thereof:  
First, her most firm denial of the fact;  
Next, mistress Drury's flat confession,  
That only she and Roger did contrive  
The death of master Sanders; then yourself  
Cannot but be of mine opinion.

*James.* Then all you labour for 10  
Is, that I should procure her pardon?

*Min.* To save an innocent  
Is the most Christian work that man can do ;  
Beside, if you perform it, sir, sound recompense  
Shall quit your pains so well employed herein.

*James.* Now let me tell ye that I am ashamed  
A man of your profession should appear  
So far from grace and touch of conscience,  
As, making no respect of his own soul,  
He should with such audaciousness presume 20  
To baffle justice, and abuse the seat  
With your fond, overweening, and sly fetch.  
Think you the world discerneth not your drift?  
Do not I know, that if you could prevail,  
By this far-fetched insinuation,  
And mistress Sanders' pardon thus obtained,

That your intent is then to marry her?  
And thus you have abused her poor soul,  
In trusting to so weak and vain a hope.  
Well, sir, since you have so forgot yourself, 30  
And, shameless, blush not at so bold offence,  
Upon their day of execution,  
And at the selfsame place, upon a pillory,  
There shall you stand, that all the world may see,  
A just dessert for such impiety.

*Min.* Good sir, hear me!

*James.* I will not hear thee; come, and get thee hence,  
For such a fault too mean a recompense. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—London. *Outside Newgate.*

*Enter two Carpenters, Tom Peart and Will Crow, meeting.*

*Will.* Tom Peart, my old companion? Well met!

*Tom.* Good morrow, Will Crow, good morrow; how dost? I have not seen thee a great while.

*Will.* Well, I thank God; how dost thou? Where hast thou been this morning, so early?

*Tom.* Faith, I have been up ever since three o'clock.

*Will.* About what, man?

*Tom.* Why, to make work for the hangman; I and another have been setting up a gallows.

*Will.* Oh, for mistress Drury; must she die to-day? 10

*Tom.* Nay, I know not that; but when she does, I am sure there is a gallows big enough to hold them both.

*Will.* Both whom, her man and her?

*Tom.* Her man and her, and mistress Sanders too; 'tis a swinger, i' faith.—But come, I'll give thee a pot this

morning, for I promise thee I am passing dry, after my work.

*Will.* Content, Tom, and I have another for thee ; and afterward I'll go see the execution.

*Tom.* Do as thou wilt for that. 20

*Will.* But dost thou think it will be to-day ?

*Tom.* I cannot tell ; Smithfield is full of people, and the Sheriff's man, that set us a-work, told us it would be to-day. But come, shall we have this beer ?

*Will.* With a good will ; lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—London.    *A Cell in Newgate.*

*Enter Anne Sanders, and her Keeper following her.*

*Keep.* Called you, mistress Sanders ?

*Anne.* Keeper, I did :

I prythee fetch up mistress Drury to me,

I have a great desire to talk with her.

*Keep.* She shall be brought unto you presently. [*Exit.*]

*Anne.* Oh, God ! as I was standing at a grate

That looks into the street, I heard men talk,

The execution should be done to-day ;

And what a pair of gallows were set up,

Both strong and big enough to hold us all ;

Which words have struck such terror to my soul, 10

As I cannot be quiet till I know

Whether Nan Drury be resolved still

To clear me of the murder as she promised :—

And here she comes.

*Enter Anne Drury and the Keeper.*

I prythee gentle keeper,

Give us a little leave we may confer  
Of things that nearly do concern our souls.

*Keep.* With all my heart ; take time and scope enough.  
[*Exit.*]

*Dru.* Now, mistress Sanders, what's your will with me?

*Anne.* Oh, mistress Drury, now the hour is come  
To put your love unto the touch, to try 20  
If it be current, or but counterfeit.  
This day it is appointed we must die ;  
How say you, then, are you still purposed  
To take the murder upon yourself,  
Or will you now recant your former words ?

*Dru.* Anne Sanders, Anne, 'tis time to turn the leaf,  
And leave dissembling, being so near my death :  
The like I would advise yourself to do.  
We have been both notorious vile transgressors,  
And this is not the way to get remission, 30  
By joining sin to sin ; nor doth't agree  
With godly Christians, but with reprobates,  
And such as have no taste of any grace ;  
And, therefore, for my part, I'll clear my conscience,  
And make the truth apparent to the world.

*Anne.* Will you prove, then, inconstant to your friend ?

*Dru.* Should I, to purchase safety for another,  
Or lengthen out another's temporal life,  
Hazard mine own soul everlastingly,  
And lose the endless joys of heaven, 40  
Prepared for such as will confess their sins ?  
No, mistress Sanders ; yet there's a time of grace,  
And yet we may obtain forgiveness,  
If we will seek it at our Saviour's hands.

But if we wilfully shut up our hearts  
Against the holy spirit that knocks for entrance,  
It is not this world's punishment shall serve,  
Nor death of body ; but our souls shall live  
In endless torments of unquenchèd fire.

*Anne.* Your words amaze me ; and although I'll vow 50  
I never had intention to confess  
My heinous sin, that so I might escape  
The world's reproach ; yet—God, I give him thanks !—  
Even at this instant I am strangely changed,  
And will no longer drive repentance off,  
Nor cloak my guiltiness before the world.—  
And in good time see where the doctor comes,  
By whom I have been seriously instructed.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Doc.* Good morrow, mistress Sanders, and soul's health  
Unto you both :—prepare yourselves for death ;      60  
The hour is now at hand, and, mistress Sanders,  
At length acknowledge and confess your fault,  
That God may be propitiator to your soul.

*Anne.* Right reverend sir, not to delude the world,  
Nor longer to abuse your patience,  
Here I confess I am a grievous sinner,  
And have provoked the heavy wrath of God,  
Not only by consenting to the death  
Of my late husband, but by wicked lust  
And wilful sin, denying of the fault ;      70  
But now I do repent, and hate myself,  
Thinking the punishment prepared for me  
Not half severe enough for my deserts.

*Doc.* Done like a Christian, and the child of grace,  
Pleasing to God, to angels, and to men ;  
And doubt not but your soul shall find a place  
In Abraham's bosom, though your body perish.  
And, mistress Drury, shrink not from your faith,  
But valiantly prepare to drink this cup  
Of sour affliction ; 'twill raise up to you 80  
A crown of glory in another world.

*Dru.* Good master doctor, I am bound to you ;  
My soul was ignorant, blind, and almost choked  
With this world's vanities ; but by your counsel,  
I am as well resolved to go to death  
As if I were invited to a banquet ;  
Nay, such assurance have I in the blood  
Of Him that died for me, as neither fire,  
Sword, nor torment, could retain me from Him.

*Doc.* Spoke like a champion of the holy cross ! 90  
Now, mistress Sanders, let me tell to you :  
Your children, hearing this day was the last  
They should behold their mother on the earth,  
Are come to have your blessing ere you die,  
And take their sorrowful farewell of you.

*Anne.* A sorrowful farewell 'twill be, indeed,  
To them, poor wretches, whom I have deprived  
Of both the natural succours of their youth ;  
But call them in ; and, gentle keeper, bring me  
Those books that lie within my chamber window.— 100  
Oh, master doctor, were my breast transparent,  
That what is figured there might be perceived,  
Now should you see the very image of poor  
And tottered ruins, and a slain conscience.

Here, here they come! Be blind, mine eyes, with tears;  
And soul and body now in sunder part!

*Her Children are brought in.*

*All.* Oh, mother, mother!

*Anne.* Oh, my dear children!

I am unworthy of the name of mother.

*All.* Turn not your face from us, but ere you die,  
Give us your blessing.

*Anne.* Kneel not unto me; 110

'Tis I that have deserved to kneel to you.

My trespass hath bereft you of a father,

A loving father, a kind, careful father;

And by that selfsame action,—that foul deed—

Your mother, likewise, is to go from you;

Leaving you, poor souls, by her offence,

A corsie and a scandal to the world.

But could my husband, and your father, hear me,

Thus humbly at his feet would I fall down,

And plentiful in tears bewail my fault. 120

Mercy I ask of God, of him, and you,

And of his kindred which I have abused,

And of my friends and kindred wheresoever,

Of whom I am ashamed and abashed;

And of all men and women in the world,

Whom by my foul example I have grieved;

Though I deserve no pity at their hands,

Yet I beseech them all to pardon me;

And God I thank, that hath found out my sin,

And brought me to affliction in this world, 130

Thereby to save me in the world to come.

Oh, children, learn, learn by your mother's fall,  
To follow virtue, and beware of sin,  
Whose baits are sweet and pleasing to the eye,  
But, being tainted, more infect than poison,  
And are far bitterer than gall itself :  
And lived in days where you have wealth at will,  
As once I had, and are well matched beside,  
Content yourselves, and surfeit not on pride.

*Enter Sheriff bringing in Trusty Roger, with halberts.*

*Sher.* What, master doctor, have you made an end ?  
The morning is far spent, 'tis time to go. 141

*Doc.* Even when you will, master Sheriff, we are ready.

*Anne.* Behold, my children, I will not bequeath  
Or gold or silver to you, you are left  
Sufficiently provided in that point ;  
But here I give to each of you a book  
Of holy meditations, Bradford's works,  
That virtuous chosen servant of the Lord.  
Therein you shall be richer than with gold ;  
Safer than in fair buildings ; happier 150  
Than all the pleasures of this world can make you.  
Sleep not without them when you go to bed,  
And rise a-mornings with them in your hands.  
So God send down His blessings on you all.—  
Farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell—farewell !

*[She kisses them one after another.]*

Nay, stay not to disturb me with your tears ;  
The time is come, sweethearts, and we must part ;  
That way go you, this way my heavy heart. *[Exeunt.]*



## EPILOGUE.

*Enter Tragedy to conclude.*

*Trag.* Here are the lances that have sluiced forth sin,  
And ripped the venom'd ulcer of foul lust,  
Which being by due vengeance qualified,  
Here Tragedy of force must needs conclude.  
Perhaps it may seem strange unto you all,  
That one hath not revenged another's death,  
After the observation of such course :  
The reason is, that now of truth I sing,  
And should I add, or else diminish aught,  
Many of these spectators then could say, 10  
I have committed error in my play.—  
Bear with this true and home-born tragedy,  
Yielding so slender argument and scope  
To build a matter of importance on,  
And in such form as, haply you expected.  
What now hath failed, to-morrow you shall see  
Performed by History or Comedy. [Exit.

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## NOTES.

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### INDUCTION.

An Induction to a play may generally be regarded as a sign of early date of writing, viz., not much later than 1590, although plays with Inductions occasionally appeared after that year; but they were the exception rather than the rule. By the commencement of the seventeenth century they had become antiquated and out of date, as may be seen from the following passage in the Prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Woman Hater*, printed in 1607, but probably written a year or two before:—"Gentlemen, *Inductions are out of date*, and a prologue in verse is as stale as a black velvet cloak, and a bay garland." The black velvet cloak is an allusion to the apparel of the person who appeared in such a garment, to speak the prologue.

10. *More cartwheels creaking yet.* Cf. 1 *Hen IV.* iii. 1,—

'I had rather hear a brazen canstick turned,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree.'

13. *Gup, mistress buskin.* i.e. gee up! or, hallo mistress,—a vulgar way of expressing surprise at presumptuous boldness, borrowed from the language of the stables. Cf. *Histrionastix*, iv. 1, 65,—'Gup, mistress, Madam!' also Lyly's *Midas*, iv. 2,—'Marry, gup!'

14. *Melpomene.* Cf. *Soliman & Perseda*, i. 1, 5-6,—

'For here the mouth of sad Melpomene  
Is wholly bent to tragedy's discourse.'

15. *Whose mare is dead?* i.e. What's the matter? So, in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1, 35,—'How now! Whose mare's dead?'

19. *Avoid the stage.* i.e. leave the stage. So, in *Soliman & Perseda*, i. 1, 4,—‘I command you to forbear this place.’

Also *Mucedorus*, Induction, 49,—

‘Forbear this place; I humbly crave thee hence!’

23. *What wonder’s towards?* What wonder is in preparation, at hand. So in *Sir Clymon & Sir Clamydes*, p. 494, Dyce,—

‘If any shows or triumphs be *towards*.’

39. *Make the heart heave.* Old copy, *heavie*.

41. *Rack*, stretch, exaggerate. So, in *Much Ado*, iv. 1, 221,—

‘Why, then we *rack* the value.’

42. *Until I rap the senses from their course.* i.e. Until I *snatch* or *ravish* the senses from their course. Cf. *Ram Alley*, iv. *fin*,—

‘The damned crew

With glaives and clubs have *rapt* her from these arms.’

44. *How some damned tyrant to obtain a crown.* Mr. Simpson, *School of Shakespeare*, II. 216, thought this passage contained an allusion to *Richard III*, *Henry V*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*. *A Warning* was written some years before either of those plays—*Hamlet* is a possible exception—and the reference, satirical in point, is to contemporary plays; see Introduction.

47. *And tells us of the worrying of a cat.* Cf. *Mid. Sum. N. Dream*, i. 2, 27,—

‘I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to *tear a cat* in’

Also *Histriomastix*, v. 241-2,—

‘Sirrah, is this you would rend and *tear the cat*  
Upon a stage?’

51. *Vindicta! Revenge!* Cf. *Locrine*, iii. 6, and *Battle of Alcazar*, ii. ind. 9, s. d.—‘Three ghosts within, cry *Vindicta!*’ Again, l. 19,—‘Revenge, cries Abdelmunen’s grieved ghost.’

53. *Tobacco pipe.* Tobacco was first brought to England in 1583, so that year would be the earliest possible date of writing of the play.

60. Cf. 1 ‘*Contention between York and Lancaster*, ii. 2,—

‘A whip of straw were worth a thousand crowns,  
To make that shameless callet know herself.’

68. *Painted in play-bills on every post.* An allusion to the

custom of setting up play-bills on posts to admonish people to resort to the theatres. Collier, *Hist. Dram. Poet.* III. 288, cites from Taylor the Water poet's *Wit and Mirth*, the following 'quiblet'.—'Master Field, the player, riding up Fleet Street a great pace, a gentleman called him, and asked him what play was played that day? He (being angry to be stayed upon so frivolous a demand) answered, that he might see what play was to be played upon every *post*. I cry you mercy (said the gentleman) I took you for a *post*, you rode so fast.' Again, in H. Fitzgeoffrey's *Certaine Elegies*, 1620,—

'Pontus comes posting almost every day,  
And cries, How do you, sir? Come, what's the play?  
Who doubts but much his labour he hath lost;  
I ne'er could tell no more than could the *post*.'

75. *The stage is hung with black*. In our early theatres the stage was draped with black when a tragedy was to be performed. This custom is alluded to in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613, p. 176, ed. Halliwell:—

'The *stage* of heaven is hung with solemn *black*,  
A time best fitting to act *tragedies*.'

Again, in 1 *Henry VI.* i. 1,—

'Hung be the heavens with *black*.'

Also in *Lucrece*, st. 770, —

'*Black stage* for *tragedies*, and murders fell.'

82. *domineer*. To carry matters with a high hand, to bluster, to live riotously. So, in *Soliman & Perseda*, ii. 1, 290,—

'Or *domineer* with the money when I have sold it.'

Also *Arden of Feversham*, ii. 2,—

'And *domineered* with it amongst good fellows.'

89. *This Round*. In my 1893 reprint of *A Warning*, I was disposed to think that 'this Round' and the 'fair circuit' of l. 84 was an allusion to the Globe theatre. But from passages in plays acted at other theatres, it seems to have had a general application to playhouses; thus, in Marston's 2 *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, acted by the Paul's boys c. 1600, probably in their own singing school, we meet with the following passage in the prologue, l. 13,—'If any spirit breathes within this *round*.'

Again in l. 1 of the epilogue of *Wily Beguiled*, 1606,—

‘Gentles, all compassed in this circled round.’

Also, *ibid.* l. 6,—

‘In all this round some cynic censurers.’

### ACT I., SCENE 1.

4. *Whereas. i.e.* where.

15. *The English pale.* An expression well known in Irish history, applied to that portion of Ireland to which for some centuries after its invasion by the English, under Henry II. in 1172, the dominion of the latter was confined. The limits of the *pale* seldom extended beyond the modern province of Leinster, and were frequently much less considerable. Cf. *Edward II.*—

‘The wild O’Neil, with swarms of Irish kerns,

Lives uncontrolled within the *English pale.*’

See Nares’ *Glossary*.

41. *to make retire.* Here *retire* is used in the sense of *return*; the construction is uncommon.

53. *frolic.* Merry, joyful. The expression was a favourite one with Kyd; he used it frequently in his plays, and it also occurs in plays ascribed to him, viz, *The Taming of A Shrew*, and the old *King Leir*.

85. *pretty, i.e.* my skill in surgery, though I say it, is *pretty* good.

90. *Aqua cœlestis.* Literally, water of heaven; the *aqua cœlestis* of the text was probably the fanciful name given to some quack medicine advertised by its vendors as an infallible panacea, like

‘That fellow’s pills,

That cure all ills.’

The *aqua cœlestis*, or *aqua sapphirina* of chemistry is a blue solution formed by precipitating copper from its sulphate, or copperas, by the addition of liquid ammonia, and which precipitation is dissolved almost as soon as formed.

91. *Rosa solis.* Sun dew. A nostrum of the same kidney as *aqua cœlestis*, and no doubt as effective. It was a strong spirituous liquor, containing also cinnamon water and eggs, and was quite

different to the *rosa solis* of chemistry. I find the term mentioned in Heywood's 2 *Edward IV*, iii. 6,—

‘Give him some *rosa solis*, mistress Blague,  
And that will likewise animate the spirits,  
And send alacrity unto the heart.’

Cf. also *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, v. 1.

91. *Doctor Steevens*. I have not been able to discover whether this was a real or fictitious personage; if real, and if the time in which he flourished could be ascertained, it would materially assist in settling the date of this play.

101. *peat*. Pet, darling; usually applied to a young woman. So in Lodge's *Rosalynd*, p. 142, Hazlitt,—

‘And God send every pretty *peat*,  
Heigh ho, the pretty *peat* :  
That fears to die of this conceit  
So kind a friend to help at last.’

119. *inward*. Intimate, familiar. So in *Span. Trag.* iv. 4, 195,—  
‘Methinks since I grew *inward* with revenge.’

127. *cureless*. i.e. without cure. So, in *The Wounds of Civil War*, p. 195, Hazlitt,—

‘A *cureless* cross of many hundred harms.’

141. *bewray*. betray, reveal. So, in *Span. Trag.* iii. 2, 52,—  
‘To listen more, but nothing to *bewray*.’

148. *subtle*. practised, skilful. Cf. 3 *Henry VI*, iii. 1,—  
‘Warwick is a *subtle* orator.’

151. *supple*. i.e. soften.—Her sweet tongue has power to *soften* a stone.

158. *Heart-blood*. Cf. *King Leir*, i. 6,—  
‘And whilst I live each drop of my *heart-blood*,  
Will I strain forth to do her any good.’

166. *break*, i.e. disclose, broach. So in *Span. Trag.* iv. 1, 116,—  
‘Then ’gan he *break* his passion to a friend.’

173. *break the ice*. This expression occurs again in i. 3.

178. *Some other fine* adventure, i.e. enterprise, to try the chance, to dare. So in the *Spanish Tragedy*, iii. 3, 6—

‘It is no dream that I *adventure* for.’

Also *Arden of Feversham*, v. 1, 145,—

- ‘And make me the first that shall *adventure* on him.’  
 187. *quit*, requite. So in *Soliman & Perseda*, ii. 1. 94,—  
 ‘That thus shouldst *quit* my love with such a scorn.’

### ACT I. SCENE 2.

- 119-22. Cf. *Romeo & Juliet*, i. 5,—  
 ‘It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,  
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear.’  
 26. *scornful* nay. Scornful way, in my previous edition. Cf. *Wounds of Civil War*, p. 130, Hazlitt,—  
 ‘Whose simple thoughts are crossed with *scornful nays*.’  
 27. Cf. *Soliman & Perseda*, ii. 1, 97,—  
 ‘Desire persuades me on, fear pulls me back’  
 43. *Like herb John in broth*. i.e. As well out as in.  
 49. *Prejudice your pleasure*. Cf. Lodge’s *Rosalynd*, p. 36,—  
 ‘Which Torismond perceiving, fearing lest her perfection  
 might be the beginning of his *prejudice*,’ etc.  
 66. *Errand-making gallants*, gad-about. s.  
 70. A scene somewhat similar to this between Browne and Anne Sanders, is to be found in *How a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a Bad*, i. 3, 1602, q. v.  
 84. *Use*, i.e. continue it not, not make a practice of it Cf. *Soliman & Perseda*, ii. 1, 221,—‘Nay, I *use* not to go.’ The same word occurs, with a slightly different meaning, in *A Warning*, i. 4, 10. See *Arden of Feversham*, iii. 3.

### ACT I. SCENE 3.

15. *close dealing*, secret dealing. Cf. *Span. Trag.* iii. 13, 26,—  
 ‘*Closely* and safely, fitting things to time.’  
 20. *conceited*, ingenious, fanciful. So in *Winter’s Tale*, iv. 3,—  
 ‘An admirable *conceited* fellow.’  
 21. *drawlatch*, a thief. So in *Jacob and Esau*, ii. 3,—  
 ‘What sayst thou, *drawlatch*? come forth with a mischief!  
 Wilt thou not go with us? On, forward, whoreson *thief*.’  
 23. *policy*, i.e. system of management. So in *The Spanish Tragedy*, iii. 4, 33,—‘Why, so, this fits our former *policy*.’



Also *King Leir*, i. 1,—‘Yet if my *policy* may her beguile.’

28. a proper man, handsome, well behaved. Cf. Kyd’s pamphlet *The Murder of John Breven*, l. 23,—‘A proper young woman; also *King Leir*, iii. 6,—

‘My friend, thou seems to be a proper man.’

ib. store of coin, i.e. stock, abundance. So in the Roxburghe ballad, *The Brave English Gipsy*,—

‘Great store of coin we gain,

Yet for it take no pain.’

Also *The Wounds of Civil War*, p. 139,—

‘This city wants no store of fathers.’

33. *Stoop unto the lure*. A term in falconry. Cf. *The Spanish Tragedy*, ii. 1, 4,—

‘In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure.’

See *Taming of A Shrew*, iii. 1.

54. wot, know.

55. void, i.e. leave. So in the Roxburghe ballad *The Gentleman in Thracia*,—

‘She did entreat that all might void

The room, and he would stay.

Your pardon, husband, I beseech,

Unto him she did say.’

70. choice argument, choice subject. Cf. *Soliman & Perseda*, ii. 2, 25,—‘Perfect argument.’

74. consorted, agreed. So in *Richard III*, iii. 7,—

‘For this consorted with the citizens.’

76. jealous, suspicious. So in *Jeronimo*, ii. 3, 121,—

‘My mother’s jealous of my love to her.’

Used in the same sense in *Arden of Feversham*.

79. coy. ‘Coy it.’ *Spanish Tragedy*, ii. 3, 3.

85. mistrust, suspect. So in *Spanish Tragedy*, iii. 4, 3,—

‘What mischief is it that we not mistrust?’

Also *Arden of Feversham*, i. 3,—

‘I mistrust thee not.’

*King Leir*, iii. 4,—

‘And no man once mistrust thee for this fact.’

89. challenge, claim, So in *Soliman & Perseda*, ii. 3, 9,—

‘To see and *challenge* what Lucina lost.’

101. *absolute*, highly accomplished, perfect, complete. So, in *Hamlet*, v. 2,—‘An *absolute* gentleman.’ Also Lyly’s *Endymion*, iii. 4,—‘And is not Cynthia of all circles the *most absolute*?’ ‘A pair of *absolute* men.’—*Two Noble Kinsmen*, ii. 1, 27.—*Pericles*, iv. 1 (Gower), and *Rosalind*, p. 68.

105. hear, *bear*, in my previous edition.

107. *You shall not need*. Cf. *Spanish Tragedy*, iii. 11, 18,—

‘Nay, soft and fair; *you shall not need* to strive.’

The author seems to have been fond of this expression; it occurs with slight variation, in ii. 2 *bis*, and in iv. 2.

115. *You need not study so*, i.e. muse or think so. So, in *The Tempest*, ii. 1,—‘You make me *study* of that.’

117. *All is but George, I pray you let[t] be done*. This line is hopelessly corrupt; in my former edition I hazarded the following emendation:—‘George Browne is all but cast away; therefore, to save him, I pray you to perform his behests.’ This, however, is not altogether satisfactory.

120. *Your orator*. Should be *oratrix*. Kyd uses the word in *Soliman & Perseda*, i. 3, 69,—‘I fight not with my tongue; this is my *oratrix*.’

132. *He’s sped*, i.e. his fate is decided. So, in *The Taming of A Shrew*, v. 1,—

‘’Tis Kate and I are wed, and you are *sped*.’

133. Cf. *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, ii. 5,—

‘Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.’

#### ACT I. SCENE 4.

10. *Use*. Here *use* is employed in the sense of *custom*. So, in *Jeronimo*, i. 3, 66,—‘She must weep awhile as widows *use*.’

Again, in *The Taming of A Shrew*, i. 1,—

‘It is the *use* where I was born.’

Also *Soliman & Perseda*, ii. 1, 221,—

‘I *use* not to go without a pair of false dice.’

12. *Whenas*, when.

14. *quittance*, discharge. I have not found this word in Kyd,

but cf. *Jeronimo*, iii. 2, 73,—

‘And give you *acquittance* with a wound or two.’

24. *another time shall serve*. Another favourite expression of the author’s; it is repeated, with a slight variation, in ii. 1, and ii. 2.

31. *you*, omitted in my previous edition.

34. *but*, omitted.

43. This unladylike expression will remind readers of a similar threat to use the ‘ten commandments,’ occurring in *Lochrine*, 3 *Henry VI*, and *The Taming of A Shrew*.

45. *break*, i.e. broach or open Browne’s secret to her. So, in *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, p. 511,—

‘If I should seem to *break* my mind.’

75. *conceit*, i.e. think. In the *Spanish Tragedy*, i. 4, the word is used as a substantive,—‘Then with *conceit* enlarge yourself again.’ See, also, *A Shrew*, iv. 1.

80. *Used*, accustomed. The sense is—I have never accustomed myself to go on credit. So, in *A Winter’s Tale*, iv. 3,—

‘Your greatness hath not been *used* to fear.’

97. *vild*, vile. A favourite word with Kyd. It occurs in the *Spanish Tragedy*, ii. 5, 27, and iv. 5, 4.

101. *chafed*, worried, angered. So, in 3 *Henry VI*, ii. 5,—

‘Warwick rages like a *chafed* bull.’

109. *to quit that evil*, i.e. requite or redress. Cf. the *Spanish Tragedy*, iii. 1, 79,—‘To make a *quital* for thy discontent.’ The word occurs in i. 1, 187, and again in iv. 2, 119, in the sense of *even* or *equal*; see notes to those passages.

113. *line of life*. A term in palmistry. The line of life is the furrow in the skin of the hand passing from the root of the thumb to the centre of the palm, and its length was supposed to denote the duration of its owner’s life.—FAIRHOLT. Cf. *Mother Bombie*, ii. 3,—‘The *line of life* is good, Venus’ mount very perfect; you shall have a scholar to your first husband.’ Venus’ mount is the fleshy base of the thumb.

170. *wis*, know.

181. *leave*. So the old copy; Mr. Simpson reads *have*, but query, *love*.

192. *to change*, or *new affection*. The old copy reads,—‘to change *off* new affection,’ which is nonsense.

199. *will hammer so within her head*, i.e. this will so labour within her head. So in *The Wounds of Civil War*, p. 149,—

‘Hope and revenge sit *hammering* in my heart.’

Also *Titus Andronicus*, ii. 3, 39,—

‘Blood and revenge are *hammering* in my head.’

and *Mother Bombie*, ii. 1.

200. *in the neck of this*, i.e. to succeed or follow immediately afterwards. So in 1 *Henry IV*, iv. 3,—

‘Soon after that deprived him of his life,

And *in the neck of that*, tasked the whole state.’

Malone quotes the following passage from Painter’s *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566, — ‘Great mischiefs succeeding one *in another’s necke*.’

202. *stratagem*, contrivance, trick, artifice.—

‘I have already found a *stratagem*.’ *Span. Trag.* ii. 1, 35.

‘Inspire me with some present *stratagem*.’ *Sol. & Per.* ii. 1, 181.

## ACT II. D. S.

2. *entrance*, i.e. commencement. So, in Marlowe’s *Massacre at Paris*, i. 6,—

‘Shall in the *entrance* of this massacre

Be murdered in his bed.’

Also in Heywood’s *Four Prentices of London*, cited by Dyce,—

‘Take them to guard; this *entrance* to our wars

Is full of spirit, and begets much hope.’

The word is used again in l. 8.

7. *sable curtains*. Here is another allusion to the stage being draped with black when a tragedy was to be performed. See note to l. 75, Induction.

11. *damned deed*. Cf. *Span. Trag.* iii. 4, 37,—

‘For die he shall for this his *damned deed*.’

12-14. Cf. Peele’s *David and Bethsabe*, p. 482, Dyce,—

‘Night-ravens and owls shall ring his fatal knell.’

Also *Wounds of Civil War*, p. 149,—

- ‘The screech-owl chants her fatal-boding song.’
21. *mazors*, drinking bowls. ‘A *mazor* of wine.’ *Rosalynd*, p. 35.
30. *lawless lust*. See *Wounds of Civil War*, 192,—  
 ‘That have so loosely leaned to *lawless lust*.’
39. *drifts*, aims, intentions. So, in *Jeronimo*, ii. 4, 18,—  
 ‘But is that villain, Lazarotto, acquainted with our *drifts*?’
50. *guiltless blood*. ‘*Guiltless blood*,’ *Arden of Feversham*, v.
3. ‘*Harmless blood*,’ *Spanish Tragedy*, ii. 5, 20. Also *The True Tragedy of Richard III*, iv. 4,—  
 ‘Whose *guiltless blood* craves daily at God’s hands,’
60. *device*, i.e. scheme. Kyd uses the word in the same sense in *Soliman & Perseda*, v. 4, 131,—  
 ‘For that my death was wrought by her *device*.’
- Also in the *Spanish Tragedy*, i. 2, 191.
66. *ure*, use, practice. So, in the *Jew of Malta*, ii. 3,—  
 ‘And always kept the sexton’s arms in *ure*.’

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

11. *respective*, respectful, anxious, careful. So, in *Jeronimo*, i. 2, 35,—‘*Respective* dear, O, my life’s happiness!’  
 Also *Sir John Oldcastle*, iv. 3,—‘With thy kind *respective* tears.’
18. *wait*, i.e. attend. So, in *All’s Well*, v. 3,—  
 ‘*Wait* on me home.’
- ib. on.* Old copy, *and*; Mr. Simpson’s correction.
20. *it*. Old copy, *if*. Cf. *Span, Trag.* iii. 2, 61,—‘It shall not need.’ This expression occurs in l. 22, and in iv. 2, 4.
36. *shuice out his life*. Cf. Æschylus’ *Agamemnon*, p. 173, Potter, ed. 1833,—  
 ‘But now by murd’rous hands  
 Hast thou *shuiced out* this rich and noble blood.’
- Also *Richard II*, i. 1,—‘*Shuiced out* his soul.’
- 37-8. Cf. *Macbeth*, iii, 2,—‘Come, sealing night,  
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.’—COLLIER.
- I cannot resist quoting the following picturesque passage from the *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, p. 191, Hazlitt,—  
 ‘Muffle the eye of day,  
 Ye gloomy clouds, and, darker than my deeds,

- That darker be than pitchy sable night,  
 Muster together on the high-topped trees,' etc.
41. *Then be my coverture, thick ugly night.* Cf. 3 *Henry VI*, iv. 2,—‘Night’s coveture.’
- 51-3. A similar obstacle to the murder of Arden occurs in *Arden of Feversham*, iv. 2,—
- ‘*Will.* The devil break all your necks at four miles’ end !  
 Zounds, I could kill myself for very anger !  
 His lordship chops me in,  
 E’en when my dag was levelled at his breast.’
- 67-8. Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, iv. 2—
- ‘Arden, thou hast wondrous holy luck,  
 Did never man escape as thou hast done.’
- 69-70. Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, ii. 3,—
- ‘Thou but a member to whet the knife  
 Whose edge must search the closet of his breast.’
75. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 1,—
- ‘Well may it sort that this *portentious figure*  
 Comes armed through our watch.’
83. See note to i. 4, 24.

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

16. *sermons at the Spital.* The priory and hospital of ‘our blessed Lady St. Mary Spital, was situated on the east side of Bishopsgate St., with fields in the rear, which now form the district called Spitalfields. Sermons were preached there on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday ; they were usually attended by the scholars of Christ’s Hospital, the lord mayor and lady mayoress, and the city functionaries. See Hone’s *Every Day Book*, p. 222-3.

23. *Maundy Thursday.* The Thursday in Passion week, when royal bounty is distributed to the poor at Whitehall. The mention of butchers keeping open shop, probably alludes to the distribution of meat which took place on that day.

36. *catches.* Properly, *ketches* ; small two-masted vessels used as yachts or bomb vessels. *Hoy* is a large one decked boat,

commonly rigged as a sloop. For a use of the word see *Arden of Feversham*, v. 5, and *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 3.

39. *doth harbour many a false knave*. Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, v. 2,—‘There are many false knaves abroad.’

46. *What make you*, etc. *Make* means to *do*,—What do you wandering here? See the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, iv. 1, 98,—

‘For God his passion! what *make* you here alone?’

‘What *make* you abroad now?’ *Fam. Vic. Henry V*, i. 2. In *Arden of Feversham*, ii. 3, *make* is apparently used in the sense of *cause*. I have not found the word in Kyd’s plays.

58. *umberst*, umber coloured, dark, shady. I cannot quote for the word, but Shakespeare has ‘*umbered face*,’ in *Hen. V*, iv. ch.

65. *Troubled with green meadows*. Regarded by some as an omen of death. The allusion is to the superstition associated with the ravings of people when in the delirium of fever, when they are supposed to talk of *green meadows*. According to Mrs. Quickly, Falstaff, when dying, ‘babbled of *green fields*.’ See the notes of the commentators on *Henry V*, ii. 3. Cf. *Jack Drum’s Entertainment*, iii. 1, 92,—‘Rejoice, Brabant, thy brother will not live long, *he talks idly already*.’

69. *dreams are but fancies*. Cf. *King Lear*, iii. 6,—

‘Dreams are but *fantacies*’

84. *close*, i.e. enclosure.

88. *Pray ye bestow a groat or sixpence of carnation ribbon*.—Here is a bit of feminine nature neatly touched in; as Mr. J. A. Symonds says, these bye scenes are the salt of the play.

103. *Swaggerer*, a roaring, blustering fellow. *Swaggering* is used in much about the same sense in iii. 1. Cf. 2 *Henry IV*, i. 4,—‘There comes no *swaggers* here.’

## ACT II. SCENE 3.

5. *let it pass*, i.e. let it go. So, in *Soliman & Perseda*, iii. 1, 36,—‘But *let him pass*.’ Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, iii. 2,—

‘But *let that pass*.’

8. Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, iii. 2,—

‘It should be slept till I had fought with thee,

To let thee know I am no coward.'

40. Burse, *i.e.* the Exchange.

52. *traced*, *i.e.* followed, wandered. Cf. *Cornelia*, iii. 1, 129,—

'That wont to haunt and *trace* by cloistered tombs.'

77. *where is't best to take our standing?* Cf. *Span. Trag.* iii. 3,

'Here, therefore, will I stay and take my stand.'

Also *Arden of Feversham*, ii. 3,—

'Stand close, and take your fittest standing.'

79. *close*, secret. So in the *Spanish Tragedy*, iii. 3, 26-7—

'How fit a place—if one were so disposed—

Methinks this corner is too *close* with me.'

89. *motion*, action, proposal. So, in *Span. Trag.* iii. 6, 85,—

'Ay, marry, sir, this is a good *motion*.'

Again, *ibid.* ii. 4, 22,—

'I'll make the *motion* to my sovereign liege.'

Also *King Leir*, i. 1,—'Cornwell and Cambria *motion* love.

100-1. Cf. Shakespeare's xxvii. *Sonnet*,—

'Like a jewel hung in ghastly night

Makes black night beauteous.'

*Sheen* and *bright* reads rather tautological. *Sheen* is used in *King Leir*, i. 3,—'Your beauty is so *sheen*.

136-7. See note to i. 1, 67-8.

142. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, v. 1,—

'The old saying is, the third pays for all.

148. *pass*, *i.e.* forget.

### ACT III. D. S.

3. *loose*, a technical term in archery; the act of discharging an arrow from the string. Cf. Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, iv. 4,—

'And cry softly to thyself *in the very loose*.'

Also *Love's Labours Lost*, v. 2,

'And often at his *very loose* decides.

See Dyce's *Glossary*, where this passage from *A Warning* is quoted.

13-15. Cf. Greene's *Orlando Furioso*, p. 108, Dyce,—

'Now hold the fatal murderers of men



- The sharpened knife ready to cut my thread.’  
 Also the *Wounds of Civil War*, 187,—  
 ‘The labouring sisters on the weary loom,  
 Have drawn my weary life at length, I know.’  
 16. *whenas*, when.  
 41. *remorse*, pity, sorrow. So, in *Spanish Tragedy*, i 4, 27,—  
 ‘Incensed with just *remorse*.’  
 Also *Soliman & Perseda*, ii. 1, 163,—  
 ‘If words, nor tears, nor looks may win *remorse*.’  
 Again, *Wounds of Civil War*, p. 139,—  
 ‘Wound my heart with terror and *remorse*.’  
 45. Cf. *Span. Trag.* iii. 4, 34,—  
 ‘For this his damned deed.’  
 Again, *ibid.* iii. 7, 43,  
 ‘And actors in th’accursed tragedy.’

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

3. *kiss*. Old copy, *kist*.  
 23. *lest*. Old copy, *least*.  
 32. *studious*, musing, thoughtful. So, in *Calisto & Melibæa*,  
 p. 88, Hazlitt.—  
 ‘Why speak ye not? Why be ye now so *studious*?’  
 Again, in 1 *Henry VI*, ii. 5,—  
 ‘But yet be wary in thy *studious* care.’  
 36. *for why*, because. So, in *Edward I*, p. 412, Dyce,—  
 ‘*For why* my story nearly toucheth him.’  
 Again, *Spanish Tragedy*, iv. 1, 50,—  
 ‘*For why* the plot’s already in mine head.’  
 47. *I am heavy at the heart*. Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, iv. 2,—  
 ‘A heavy blood is gathered at my heart.’  
 A similar incident occurs in *Arden*, iv. 2, where Arden is over-  
 powered by a presentiment of coming danger, just the same as  
 John Beane is in *A Warning*. The passages should be compared.  
 57. *tremble every joint*. Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, iii 3,—  
 ‘With this I woke and *trembled every joint*.’  
 69. *timeless death*, i.e. untimely death. Cf. *Jeronimo*, i. 2, 34,

‘Walk on stilts to *timeless funeral*.’

Also the *Spanish Tragedy*, iv. 4, 224,—‘*Untimely slain*.’

Again, in *King Lear*, iv. 2, —

‘And brings my father *timeless* to his end.’

70. *I dip my handkercher in his blood*. This will call to mind the scene in *The Spanish Tragedy* where Hieronimo dips his napkin in the blood of the murdered Horatio. Cf. also, the *True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, i. 4.

81. Cf. the *Spanish Tragedy*, iii. 4, 34,—

‘And die he shall for this his damnèd deed.’

87-8. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1,—

‘Over thy wounds,

Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips.’

95. The *bloody handkercher* plays as important a part in this play, as does the *bloody napkin* in the *Spanish Tragedy*. It is mentioned again in iii. 3.

103. *martyred me*. Cf. *Span. Trag.* iii. 9, 6,—

‘Why bend’st thou thus thy mind to *martyr me*?’

114. *Sure as death the harlotries are bespoken*. If this line have a meaning it is unknown to me. I take it to be an expression coined in the brain of Old John, who seemed to be remarkably fertile in the production of quaint phrases. Swearing by his *father’s saddle* (l. 112) deserves the palm for originality.

117. *dismal day*, i.e. evil day.

118. *aminicke*, almanack.

119. *brended*, properly *brinded*; brindled, marked with spots or streaks.

128. *my eyes dazzle*. Cf. *Duchess of Malfi*, iv. 2,—

‘Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle’

Also *Soliman & Perseda*, ii. 1, 244,—

‘Dazzle mine eyes, or is’t Lucina’s chain?’

Again, in the *True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, ii. 1, 11,—

‘Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?’

132. *sweb*, swoon, faint. *Swound* has the same meaning. Cf. *Jeronimo*, ii. 4, 118,—‘Oh, I *swound*, I die!’

135. *Gods forbod*, i.e. God forbid. So, in the ballad *Adam Bell*,

‘But Cloudesly cleft the apple in two,  
That many a man might see;  
‘Over *Gods forbode*,’ said the king,  
‘That thou should shoot at me.’

149. *woe worth him*, woe betide him, bad luck to him. So, in Kyd’s tract, *The Murder of John Brewen*,—‘And *woe worth thee* (quoth she) that ever I knew thee.’

154. *swaggering*, blustering. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, ii. 4,—  
‘*Swaggering* rascal.’

155. *desperate Dick*. ‘Of this phrase I know not the origin. It probably had its rise from some well known individual, and perhaps the alliteration chiefly contributed to its being preserved.’—MALONE.

‘Perhaps originally from the desperate conduct of K. Rich. III. Mention of this hero is made in an ancient ballad called *Wat William’s Will*, the second part:—

“Would drunkards leave such drinking,  
And gallants leave their roaring,  
Would *desperate Dicks* forbear to stab,  
And lechers leave their whoring.” STEEVENS.

Cf. *The London Prodigal*, i. 2,—

‘He’s a *desperate Dick*.’

156. *Cabbaleers*, Old John’s rustic way of pronouncing *cavaliers*; farther on he says *canniballes* for *cannibals*.

### ACT III. SCENE 2.

S. D. *Enter one with a Jack*. *Jack* was a vessel used in the buttery, into which wine or beer was drawn. So, in *Mucedorus*, ii. 2,—‘Get me a good piece of beef and brewis; and then to the buttery hatch to Thomas the butler, for a *Jack* of beer.’

36. *proper*, well-behaved, handsome So, in *King Leir*, iv. 1,—  
‘You are a very *proper* man.’

## ACT III. SCENE 3.

5. *outrageous*, i.e. violent. Cf. *Sol. & Per.* ii. 1, 276,—

‘His *outrageous* insolence.’

Again, in *Edward III.* iv. 3, 65,—

‘What success is like

To happen to us in this *outrageous* war?’

13. *bewray*, betray, reveal. Cf. *Spanish Tragedy*, i. 3, 45; iii. 2, 52; iii. 13, 76.

13-18. Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, ii. 1, 39-44.

18. *complot*, plot, conspiracy. So, in *Span. Trag.* iii. 2, 100—

‘Now to confirm the *complot* thou hast cast.’

19. *heinous sin*. Cf. *King Leir*, iii. 6,—

‘Full of *heinous sin*.’

*ib.* Our *heinous sin* cries in the ears of him. Cf. *The Murder of John Brewen*,—‘Blood is an incessant crier in the ears of the Lord.’

25. ‘*tycing eyes*. ‘Tying speech’, *Arden of Feversham*, i. 2.

27. *give me leave*, i.e. let me go.

32. *misdone*, undone, ill-done. So, in *Spanish Tragedy*, iv. 5, 6,

‘Fair Isabella by herself *misdone*.’

Again, in *Soliman & Perseda*, ii. 1, 304,—

‘Ah, loving cousin, how art thou *misdone*.’

37. *untimely stopped my husband's breath*. Cf. *Spanish Tragedy*, iv. 4, 224,—

‘Our hapless son, *untimely slain*.’

41. *passion*, sorrow, emotion. So, in 1 *Tamburlaine*, v. 2,—

‘That in thy *passion* for thy country's love.’

## ACT III. SCENE 4.

3. *cross and pile*, pitch and toss; a game still practised by the vulgar, who play it by tossing up a coin. See *A Cure for a Cuckold*, iv. 3,—

‘Fortune plays ever with our good or ill,

Like *cross and pile*, and turns up which she will.’

15. *out of patience*, disturbed, agitated.

40. *you'll be jerked*, i.e. beaten. A similar peculiarity in expression occurs in *Arden of Feversham*, ii. 3,—

'This sauciness in you will make you be knocked.'

43. *point*, a tagged lace which fastened the breeches to the doublet.

55. *basilisk*. The old dramatists were very fond of dragging this fabulous monster into their plays; there is scarcely one of them but has some reference to it. Kyd uses *cockatrice* in *Sol. & Per.* ii. 1, which has the same meaning.

66. *devote*, i.e. devoted. So, in *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 1,—

'Devote to Aristotle's ethics.'

71. *pretence*, intention. So, in *Spanish Tragedy*, iii. 4, 83,—

'With utterance of our *pretence* therein.'

72. *contaminate*, defiled. This use of a verb transitive in the place of a past participle, is characteristic of Kyd.

80. *policy*. Policy here means skilful or crafty management. Cf. *The Spanish Tragedy* iii. 10, 9,—

'This that I did was for a *policy*.'

See note to i. 3, 23.

81-4. Cf. Heywood's 2 *Edward IV*, iii. 5,—

'The very senseless stones here in the walls,  
Break out in tears but to behold the fact;  
Methinks the bodies lying dead in graves,  
Should rise and cry against us.'

### ACT III. SCENE 5.

9. *we shall not need*. A favourite expression of the author's. See ii. 1, and iv. 2.

34. *confer*, i.e. compare.

44. *decipher*, distinguish. So, in Kyd's translation of *The Householder's Philosophy*,—'*Deciphered* without beards'; or better still, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, v. 2, 9,—

'The white will *decipher* her well enough.'

45. Cf. *Spanish Tragedy*, iii. 6, 35,—

'For blood with blood shall . . . be satisfied.'

Also *The Murder of John Brewen*,—'The Lord therefore ordained

a law that the cruel and unjust bloodshedder should have his blood justly shed again.'

### ACT III. SCENE 6.

1. *why*, omitted in my previous reprint.

31. *worth*. Mr. Gibbs queries, *sterling*; but here, I think, *worth* means *substance, wealth*. As an instance, compare *Arden of Feversham*, i. 1,—

'I'll make her more *worth* than twenty painters can.'

37. *Poverty parts company*. A proverbial expression. Ray slightly varies it: —'Poverty parteth friends, or fellowship.'

45. *an hasty climbing*. Old copy, '*and hasty climbing*'; Mr. Gibbs emendation. The sense of the couplet is generally obscure. Perhaps Browne meant to say:—'The heat of my love bred this hasty climbing to my desire, and caused me to commit this deed.' The '*hasty climbing*,' Mr. Gibbs takes to mean—'a forced climbing of the gallows'

46. *tall men*, able, bold, stout. Cf. *Sir John Oldcastle*, i. 1,—  
'And keeps a hundred *tall* fellows.'

### ACT IV. D. S.

9. *immanity*, cruelty, ferocity. So, in 1 *Henry VI*, v. 1,—

'That such *immanity* and bloody strife,  
Should reign among professors of one faith.'

The only instance I can quote for the use of the word.

13. For this use of *rest* and *unrest*, see *Span. Trag.* i. 3, 5,—

'Then *rest* we here awhile in our *unrest*.'

Again, *ibid.* iii. 13, 29,—

'Therefore will I *rest* me in *unrest*.'

*Ibid.* iv. 5, 30,—'Let me be judge, and doom them to *unrest*.'

Also iii. 10, 23,— 'Under feigned jest,

Are things concealed that else would breed *unrest*.'

24. *besprent*, besprinkled. So, in the old ballad, *The Complaint of Conscience*, st. i. l. 5,—

'With bloody tears his face was *besprent*.'

35. *measure for measure, and lost blood for blood*. Here again

the author is harping upon the Biblical dictum, life for life, and blood for blood, which he repeats and enforces throughout the play. This is all very characteristic of Kyd's method, and is one of the arguments in favour of consanguinity of authorship. See *Spanish Tragedy*, iii. 6, 35.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 1.

2. *all*, any, *i.e.* without any company at all.

29. *extremity*, the utmost of calamity. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, iii. 4, 6,—

‘If you resist, expect what war affords,  
Mischief, murder, blood, and *extremity*.’

37. *Heaven will have justice shown*. Cf. *Span. Trag.* ii. 5, 58,  
‘The heavens are just, murder cannot be hid.’

Also *Soliman and Perseda*, ii. 1.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 2.

4. *it shall not need*. One of the author's stock phrases; see ii. 1, 20-2, and iv. 2, 4.

15. *S. D. laying his hand, &c.* Omitted in my first reprint.

31. *perfit*, perfect. So in *King Leir*, i. 1,—

‘A *perfit* patten of a virtuous life.’

53. *painful*, *i.e.* painstaking. So in 1 *Edward IV*, i. 3,—

‘A discreet, *painful* gentleman.’

80. *See how his wounds break out afresh in bleeding*. The superstition that the murdered body bleeds on the touch or approach of the murderer, was at one time a general and fashionable belief from the peasant to the prince. King James I. in his *Demonology* says,—‘In a secret murther, if the dead carkasse be at any time thereafter handled by the murtherer, it will gush out of blood, as if the blood were crying to heaven for revenge of the murtherer.’ The author of the *Living Librarie*, 1621, asks,—‘Who can allege any certaine and firme reason why the blood runes out of the wounds of a man murdered, long after the murder committed, if the murderer be brought before the dead bodie.’ Reginald Scot in his *Discovery of Witchcraft* says,

—‘I have heard by credible report, that the wound of a man murdered remains bleeding at the presence of a dear friend or of a mortal enemy. Divers also write that if one pass by a murdered body (though unknown) he shall be stricken with fear, and feel in himself some alteration of nature.’ Sir Kenhelm Digby, that ‘prodigy of learning, credulity, valour, and romance,’ so firmly believed in this miraculous phenomenon, that he has endeavoured to explain the reason. Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, v. 4,

‘*Alice*. Arden, sweet husband, what shall I say?—

The more I sound his name, the more he bleeds ;

This blood condemns me, and in gushing forth,

Speaks as it falls, and asks me why I did it.

83. *I gave him fifteen wounds*. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2, —

‘Show you sweet Cæsar’s wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me. . . .

Put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.’ COLLIER.

109. *The murder yet at length did come to light*. A story similar to this one told by the mayor of Rochester is related, more circumstantially by Heywood in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612:—‘Another of the like wonder happened at Amsterdam in Holland. A company of English Comedians (well known) travelling those countries, as they were before the burgers and other the chief inhabitants acting the last part of *The Four Sons of Aymon*, towards the last part of the history, where penitent Rinaldo, like a common labourer, lived in disguise, vowing, as his last penance, to labour and carry burdens to the structure of a goodly church, then to be erected ; whose diligence the labourers envying, since, by reason of his stature and strength, he did usually perfect more work in a day than a dozen of the best—he working for his conscience, they for their lucre—whereupon, by reason his industry had so much disparaged their living, conspired among themselves to kill him, waiting some opportunity to find him asleep, which they might easily do, since the sorest labourers are the soundest sleepers, and industry is the best preparative to rest. Having spy’d their opportunity,



they drove a nail into his temples, of which wound immediately he died. As the actors handled this, the audience might on a sodaine understand an outcry and loud shriek in a remote gallery; and pressing about the place, they might perceive a woman of great gravity strangely amazed, who with a distracted and troubled brain oft sighed out these words,—‘Oh my husband, my husband!’ The play, without further interruption, proceeded; the woman was to her own house conducted, without any apparent suspicion; everyone conjecturing as their fancies led them. In this agony she some few days languished. And on a time, as certain of her well-disposed neighbours came to comfort her, one amongst the rest being church-warden; to him the sexton posts, to tell him of a strange thing happening to him in the ripping up a grave. ‘See here,’ quoth he, ‘what I have found’: and shows them a fair skull, with a great nail pierced quite through the brain-pan. ‘But we cannot conjecture to whom it should belong, nor how long it hath lain in the earth, the grave being confused, and the flesh consumed.’ At the report of this accident the woman out of the trouble of her afflicted conscience discovered a former murder; for twelve years ago, by driving that nail into that skull, being the head of her husband, she had treacherously slain him. This being publicly confessed, she was arraigned, condemned adjudged, and burned.’

116. *whereas, i.e.* where.

119. *I'll tell you, sir, one more to quite your tale, i.e.* I'll tell you one more tale to be *even* with you. Cf. Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, ii. 4,—

‘*Phao.* So I will; and *quite* thy tale of Phœbus with one whose brightness darkeneth Phœbus.’

130. *Confessed her husband's murder.* Heywood relates another story identical with this of Master James' in his *Apology for Actors*. He tells it as ‘a domestic and home-born truth, which within these few years happened. At Lynn in Norfolk, the then Earl of Sussex' players acting the old History of *Friar Francis*, and presenting a woman, who insatiately doting on a young gentleman, the more securely to enjoy his affection, mis-

chievously and secretly murdered her husband, whose ghost haunted her; and at divers times, in her most solitary and private contemplations, in most horrid and fearful shapes appeared and stood before her. As this was acted, a towns-woman, till then of good estimation and report, finding her conscience at this presentment extremely troubled, suddenly skritch'd and cried out, 'Oh my husband, my husband! I see the ghost of my husband fiercely threatening and menacing me!' At which shrill and unexpected outcry the people about her, moved to a strange amazement enquired the reason of her clamour, when presently, unurged, she told them that, seven years ago, she, to be possessed of such a gentleman, meaning him, had poisoned her husband, whose fearful image presented itself in the shape of that ghost. Whereupon the murtheresse was apprehended, before the justices further examined, and by her voluntary confession after condemned. That this is true, as well by the report of the actors as the records of the town, there are many eye-witnesses of this accident yet living vocally to confirm it.'

Mr. Simpson gives a similar story from the 1589 *Hamlet*—I suppose the German version—as follows—'There was a pretty casus in Germany near Strasburg. A wife had murdered her husband by piercing him through the heart with a shoemaker's awl; and then with the help of her paramour, buried him under the doorstep. So matters stood for as long as nine years; when certain actors came that way, and acted a tragedy containing a similar incident. The wife, who was sitting with her paramour at the play, was so touched in her conscience, and began to cry aloud and to shriek,—'Woe is me! that touches me! So it was that I killed my husband!' She tore her hair, ran out of the theatre to the judge, confessed of her own accord the murder, and as this was found to be true, she, in deep repentance for her crime, received the consolations of a priest, and in true contrition gave up her body to the executioner, and commended her soul to heaven.'

132. *You*, master *Mayor*. *Master* omitted in my previous reprint.

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

S. D. *Enter Master James.* The stage directions in the old copy read,—*Enter M. Mayor, M. James, etc.*, but the Mayor does not enter till later on.

26. *will, i.e. command.*

S. D. *M. Humphrey.* This name rather puzzled me when printing my 1893 edition of *A Warning*; he does not speak or act in this scene, neither does he appear in any other part of the play, and I conjectured he was merely some functionary in attendance on the Mayor. Now I am inclined to believe it was intended for M[aster] Humphrey [Jeffs] an actor who belonged to the Earl of Pembroke's players from 1589 to 1597. If this surmise be correct, it is quite probable that he took the part of one of the Messengers in this scene. In the Folio version of 3 *Henry VI*, iii. 1,—a play first acted by Pembroke's men at the Curtain—he is introduced as Humphrey, and performed the part of a keeper. This conjecture, if sound, will necessitate the withdrawal of the hypothesis advanced in my previous introduction, p. xvii to this play, viz., that *A Warning* was acted by the Queen's men at the Theatre in 1588. I am now inclined to think that it was first presented by Pembroke's men at the Curtain late in 1589 or early in 1590, but certainly not later.

38. *ancient quarrel, i.e. old quarrel.* So in *Richard II*, ii. 1—  
'The nobles hath he fined for *ancient quarrels*.'

65. *bear me still in hand*, still keep me in expectation. So in *Ram Alley*, p. 303, ed. Hazlitt,—

'Yet will I *bear* some dozen more *in hand*.'

Again, 2 *Henry IV*, i. 2,—

'To *bear* a gentleman *in hand*.'

67. *apple-squire.* A cant term for a pimp. So in *Every Man in his Humour*, iv. 10,—

'And you, young *apple-squire* and old cuckold maker.'

85. *That gentltman, i.e. Master James.*

## ACT IV. SCENE 4.

In my previous reprint I commenced Act v. here, but it is, I think, clear that the author intended the play should be in four acts only, each act being preceded by a chorus and dumb show. I have therefore adopted that division which will be more in accordance with my ascription of the play to 'the famished follower of Seneca.' Kyd wrote his *Spanish Tragedy* in four acts, and in doing so he followed the Elizabethan versions of Seneca's *Thebais* and *Octavia*.

S. D. I have here deviated from the muddled directions of the old copy, which read—*Enter some to prepare the judgment seat to the Lord Mayor, Lo. Justice, and the foure Lords, and one Clearke, and a Sheriff, who being set, commaund Browne to be brought forth.* Line 11 shows that the Lords, etc., do not enter till later on.

11. S. D. Old copy—*Enter all as before.*

23. *pretended malice*, malice aforethought. So in *Sir John Oldcastle*, ii. 3,—

'Not of *pretensed malice*, but by chance.

103. *spinsters*. Apparently it should be *widows*.

126. *Our Lady's eve*. The 24 of March; the eve of the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary.

150. which *he*. Old copy *she*; a misprint. The plate was given to Roger, and *he* borrowed the money on it.

166. *heinous sin*. The author appears to have been fond of this expression; it occurs in iii. 4, and iv. 8. *Heinous cruelty* is in iv. 3, and *heinous murder* in iv. 4.

181. *But murder most unnatural of all*. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 5,—

'Murder most foul, as in the best it is;

But this most foul, strange and unnatural.'

189. *Have mercy on your souls*. The author has not adhered very closely to the facts of the case in making Mrs. Sanders' trial immediately follow Browne's. According to the accounts of the crime, Browne was tried on the 18th of April, and executed on the 20th; Mrs. Sanders and Drury were tried on the 6th of May,

and executed on the 13th; perhaps the requirements of stage representation induced him to depart from a strict observance of the historical succession of events.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 5.

2. *The peoples' eyes have fed them with my sight.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, iii. 2,—‘That being daily swallowed by men's eyes.’

7. *as when their nurses use, i.e. practice.* Cf. *Jeronimo*, i. 3, 66,  
‘As widows *use* till their first sleep.’

28. *challenge*, claim.

35. *due revenge on murder.* The author is here harping upon his favourite maxim that murder will out; see notes *ante*.

83. *fetched*, seized.

S. D. *He leaps off.* Here is the rare circumstance of an execution actually taking place before an audience; Kyd has the same thing in *The Spanish Tragedy*, iii. 6. Other instances may be found in *Sir Thomas More*, iii. 1; 2 *Edward IV*, v. 2, and *Two Tragedies in One*, v. *fin*.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 6.

2. *mere innocent.* *Mere*, adj. means entire, absolute; here it is used adverbially in the sense of entirely, absolutely, and is frequently so employed by the Tudor dramatists.

21. *abuse the seat*, i.e. the judgment seat.

22. *fond*, foolish.

*ib. overweening*, conceited, vain.

*ib. fetch.* contrivance, trick, stratagem. So in the *Spanish Tragedy*, iii. 4, 46,—

‘And no man knows it was my reaching *fetch*.’

23. *drift*, aim, intention Cf. *Spanish Tragedy*, iv. 1, 31,—

‘Why, then I see heaven applies our *drift*.’

27. *to marry her.* This minister was a Mr. Mell who attended Anne Sanders in Newgate after her condemnation. According to *A Brief Discourse of the late Murther of master George Sanders*, etc., 1573, the motive that actuated him in endeavouring to obtain her release, was purely a self-interested one. He strenu-

ously maintained her innocence in face of the evidence on which she was convicted, and even offered sums of money to other persons to assist in procuring her pardon; had he succeeded in his efforts, he intended to have married her. His endeavours were fruitless, and his motive being discovered, he was adjudged to stand in the pillory. The sentence was carried out on the day and at the place of execution of Mrs. Sanders and Drury; a large placard was pinned on his breast with these words written upon it;—‘For practising to colour the detestable factes of George Sanders wife.’

#### ACT IV. SCENE 8.

10. *struck such terror to my soul* The fact of Anne Sanders overhearing the conversation of the two carpenters outside Newgate, is mentioned in *A Brief Discourse*, and is said to have hastened her confession of the crime.

21. *current or but counterfeit.* Cf. *Richard III*, iv. 2,—

‘Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,  
To try if thou be current gold indeed.’ COLLIER.

Also *Timon of Athens*, iii. 3,—‘My lord,

They have all been touched, and found base metal.’

26. *turn the leaf.* Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, iii. 1,—

‘No question then but she would *turn the leaf*.’

S. D. *Enter a Doctor.* D. D. not M. D. Perhaps the prison chaplain.

77. *In Abraham’s bosom.* Cf. *Richard III*, iv. 3,—

‘The sons of Edward sleep in *Abraham’s bosom*.’

117. *coresie.* Sometimes written *corsive*, meaning corrosive, annoyance, sorrow. So in *Span. Trag.* i. 2, 143,—

‘A blot unto his name, a *corsive* to his heart.’

Again, in *Selimus*, l. 535,—

‘Is Selim such a *corsive* to his heart?’

The word also occurs in Lodge’s *Rosalynd*, *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, pt. I. v. 1, Chapman’s *Monsieur D’Olive*, and *A Brief Discourse*.

135. *infect*, infectious. Cf. *Spanish Tragedy*, iv. 2, 20,—

‘And passengers for fear to be *infect*,  
Shall stand aloof.’

Shakespeare uses the word in *Troilus & Cressida*, i. 3.

137. *lived*. So in old copy. Mr. Gibbs suggests *living*, which improves the sense but destroys the metre; I have nothing better to offer.

147. *Bradford's works*. Possibly his *Godly Meditations and Prayers*.

### EPILOGUE.

4. *of force*, i.e. necessarily. So in *Span. Trag.* iii. 9, 12,—

‘Well, *force perforce* I must constrain myself.’

Also *King Leir*, iii. 1,—

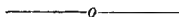
‘I must dissemble kindness now *of force*.’

Frequent, in this sense, in Shakespeare.

12. *Bear with this home-born tragedy*. A similar apology is made at the conclusion of *Arden of Feversham*,—

‘Gentlemen, we hope you’ll pardon this naked tragedy,  
Wherein no filed points are foisted in  
To make it gracious to the ear or eye;  
For simple truth is gracious enough,  
And needs no other points of glosing stuff.’

## APPENDIX.



### *STOW'S ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER.*



“The 25 of March, being Wednesday in Easter week, and the feast of the Annunciation of our Lady, George Browne cruelly murdered two honest men near unto Shooters Hill in Kent, the one of them was a wealthy merchant of London named George Sanders, the other John Beane of Woolwich; which murder was committed in manner as followeth.

“On Tuesday in Easter week, the four and twentieth of March, the said George Browne receiving secret intelligence by letter from Mistress Anne Drury that Master Sanders should lodge the same night at the house of one Master Barnes in Woolwich, and from thence go on foot to St. Mary Cray the next morning, lay in wait for him by the way, a little from Shooters Hill, and there slew both him and John Beane, servant to Master Barnes; but John Beane having 10 or 11 wounds, and being left for dead, by Gods providence revived again, and creeping away on all four, was found by an old man and his maiden, and conveyed to Woolwich, where he gave evident marks of the murderer.

“Immediately upon the deed doing Browne sent Mistress Drury word thereof by Roger Clement (among them called Trusty Roger) he himself repaired forthwith to the Court at Greenwich, and anon after him came thither the report of the murder also. Then departed he thence unto London, and came to the house of Mistress Drury, where though he spake not personally with her, after conference had with her servant Trusty Roger, she provided him twenty pounds that same day, for



which she laid certain plate of her own and of Mistress Sanders to gage. On the next morrow, being Thursday (having intelligence that Browne was sought for) they sent him six pounds more by the same Roger, warning him to shift for himself by flight, which thing he foreslowed not to do; nevertheless the Lords of the Queens majesty's council caused so speedy and narrow search to be made for him, that upon the eight and twentieth of the same month he was apprehended in a mans house of his own name at Rochester, and being brought back again to the Court was examined by the Council, to whom he confessed the deed as you have heard, and that he had oftentimes before pretended and sought to do the same by the instigation of the said Mistress Drury, who had promised to make a marriage between him and Mistress Sanders (whom he seemed to love excessively) nevertheless he protested (though untruly) that Mistress Sanders was not privy nor consenting thereunto. Upon his confession he was arraigned at the Kings Bench in Westminster Hall the 18 of April, where he acknowledged himself guilty, and was condemned as principal of the murder, according to which sentence he had judgment, and was executed in Smithfield on Monday the 20 of April, at which time also untruly (as she herself confessed afterward) he laboured by all means to clear Mistress Sanders of committing evil of her body with him, as also of procuring or consenting to the murder of her husband, and then beginning to sing a psalm, O Lord turn not away thy face &c., he flung himself beside the ladder, and so shortened his own life; he was after hanged up in chains near unto the place where he had done the fact.

“In the mean time Mistress Drury and her man being examined, as well by their own confessions as by falling out of the matter (and also by Brownes appeachment thought culpable) were committed to ward. And after Mistress Sanders being delivered of Child and churched (for at the time of her husband's death she looked presently to lie down) was upon Mistress Drurys mans confession and other great likelihoods likewise committed to the Tower, and on Wednesday the sixt of May

arraigned with Mistress Drury at the Guildhall, the effect of whose indictment was, that they by a letter written had been procurers of the said murder, and knowing the murder done had by money and otherwise relieved the murderer. Whereunto they pleaded not guilty, howbeit they were both condemned as accessaries to Master Sanders death and executed in Smithfield the 13 of May, being Wednesday in Whitsun week, at which time they both confessed themselves guilty of the fact.

“Trustie Roger, Mistress Drurys man, was arraigned on Friday the 8 of May, and being there condemned as accessory, was executed with his Mistress at the time and place aforesaid. Not long after, Anthony Browne, brother to the forenamed George Browne, was for notable felonies conveyed from Newgate to York, and there hanged.”

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## THE INDUCTION

TO KYD'S

SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.

—o—

*Enter LOVE, FORTUNE, DEATH.**Love.* What, Death and Fortune cross the way of Love?*Fortune.* Why, what is Love but Fortune's tennis-ball?*Death.* Nay, what are you both, but subjects unto Death?

And I command you to forbear this place;

For here the mouth of sad Melpomene

Is wholly bent to Tragedy's discourse:

And what are tragedies but acts of death?

Here means the wrathful muse, in seas of tears

And loud laments, to tell a dismal tale—

A tale, wherein she lately hath bestowed

The husky humour of her bloody quill,

And now for tables takes her to her tongue.

*Love.* Why, thinks Death Love knows not the history

Of brave Erastus and his Rhodian dame?

'T was I that made their hearts consent to love;

And therefore come I now as fittest person

To serve for chorus to this tragedy:

Had I not been, they had not died so soon.

*Death.* Had I not been, they had not died so soon.*Fortune.* Nay then, it seems, you both do miss the mark.

Did not I change long love to sudden hate;

And then rechange their hatred into love ;

And then from love deliver them to death ?

Fortune is Chorus ; Love and Death, 'begone !

*Death.* I tell thee, Fortune, and thee, wanton Love,

I will not down to everlasting night,

Till I have moralised this tragedy,

Whose chiefest actor was my sable dart.

*Love.* Nor will I up into the brightsome sphere

From whence I sprung, till in the chorus' place

I make it known to you and to the world,

What interest Love hath in tragedies.

*Fortune.* Nay then, though Fortune have delight in change,

I'll stay my flight, and cease to turn my wheel,

Till I have shown by demonstration,

What int'rest I have in a tragedy :

Tush ! Fortune can do more than Love or Death.

*Love.* Why stay we, then ? Let 's give the actors leave ;

And, as occasion serves, make our return. [*Exeunt.*

---

·     A N   I N D E X

TO WORDS ILLUSTRATING THE PHRASEOLOGY

OF

*A WARNING FOR FAIR WOMEN.*

---

Abraham's bosom, iv. 8.  
 Abuse your patience, iv. 8.  
 Accidents, strange iii. d.s.  
 Adulterous rout, iii. d.s.  
 Adventure, fine i. 1.  
 Affliction of the soul, iv. d.s.  
 Affright ourselves with vi-  
     sions, iii. 1.  
 Agony of soul, iii. 1.  
 All (any,) iv. 1.  
 Amorous, for being iii. 3.  
 Angel with a fiery sword, iii. 4  
 Anger me, ind.  
 Apollo's name, ind.  
 Apple-squire, iv. 3.  
 Aqua cœlestis, i. 1.  
 Artillery, Love's false i. 2.

Baffle justice, iv. 6  
 Banish us the stage, ind.  
 Baptism, iv. 5.  
 Base broker, ii. d.s.  
 Basilisk, look on the iii. 4.  
 Bawd unto her sin, iv. 5.  
 Bear me still in hand, iv. 3.  
 Beastial sin, iv. 5.  
 Besprent with tears, iv. d.s.  
 Betrothed love, my iii. 3.  
 Bewray, i. 1.  
 Black murder, ii. d.s.  
 Black winter's night, i. 1.  
 Blasphemed his name, iv. 5.  
 Blood of innocents, iii. 1.

Blood for blood, lost iv. d.s.  
 Blood be paid with blood, let,  
     iii. 5.  
 Bloody handkercher, iii. 1.  
 Bloody tongue, iv. 2.  
 Break (broach), i. 1.  
 Break the ice, i. 3.  
 Bright diamond, i. 2, 4.  
 Broach his bosom, ii. 1.  
 Broke the ice, i. 3.  
 Burse (Exchange), i. 4, ii. 3.  
 Buskins, mistress, ind.

Cabbaleers, iii. 1.  
 Canniballes, iii. 1.  
 Cartwheels creaking, ind.  
 Catches (ketches), ii. 2.  
 Cat, worrying of a, ind.  
 Cat's-guts, ind.  
 Chafed, i. 4.  
 Challenge, i. 3, iv. 5.  
 Charming-rod, ii. d.s.  
 Chastity appears, iii. d.s.  
 Choice argument, i. 3.  
 Cimmerian darkness, iii. 4.  
 Circumspect, iii. 3.  
 Cloak it so cunningly, iii. 4.  
 Cloak for the rain, i. 3.  
 Close, ii. 2.  
 Close dealing, i. 3.  
 Complot, iii. 3.  
 Conceit, i. 4.  
 Conceited, i. 3.

Confederate, iv. 3  
 Confer the marks, iii. 5  
 Conscience, a slain, iv. 8  
 Consorted, i. 3  
 Contaminate with shedding  
   blood, iii. 4  
 Contrition, iv. 5  
 Coresie, iv. 8  
 Courteous a gentlewoman, i.  
   1. *bis*.  
 Counterfeit, iv. 8  
 Coverture, ii. 1  
 Coward, what, would not ven-  
   ture, iii. 1  
 Cross and pile, iii. 4  
 Cureless, i. 1  
 Current, iv. 8  
 Cutteth throats, ind.

Damned drifts, ii. d.s  
 Damned deeds, ii. d.s  
 Damned feast, ii, d.s  
 Damned house on fire, ii. 1  
 Damned for this unhallowed  
   deed, iii. 1  
 Damned murder, ii. d.s  
 Damned train, ii. d.s  
 Damned tyrant, ind  
 Damned witch device, ii. d.s  
 Damned woman, iii. d.s  
 Darkness best fits my intent,  
   iii. 1

Dead lift, iii. 6  
 Dead men's skulls, ii. d.s  
 Deed of darkness, ii. 1  
 Delight proves danger, iv. d.s  
 Demure, i. 2  
 Desperate Dick, iii. 1  
 Destiny, fatal, iii. d.s  
 Destinies, iii. d.s  
 Detested sin, ii. d.s  
 Devil of hell, message to the  
   ii. 3  
 Devil stumbles in the nick,  
   ii. 1  
 Dismal day, it is not, iii. 1

Dismal deed, iii. 6  
 Doctor Steevens, i. 1  
 Domineer, ind.  
 Doughty stuff, ind.  
 Draw-latch, i. 3  
 Drift, iv. 6  
 Drifts, ii. d.s  
 Drovers, ind.  
 Dumps, leave your, i. 3  
 Dusky night, ii. 3

Embrace together, iii. d.s  
 Endless joys, iv. 8  
 Endless torments, iv. 8  
 Ensign, down with that, ind.  
 Ensign of despair, iii. 3  
 Entrance, fatal, ii. d.s *bis*.  
 Envious eager death, iii. d.s  
 Envious star, ii. 1  
 Envy, iii. d.s  
 Errand-making gallants, i. 2  
 Executioner, ind.  
 Expert in all treachery, ii. d.s  
 Extremity, do me all, iv. 1  
 Eye of heaven, ii. 1

Faint hearted, iii. 1  
 Far fetched insinuation, iv. 6  
 Fatal brand, ii. 1  
 Fatal comet, ii. 2  
 Fatal destiny, iii. d.s  
 Fatal door, iv. 4  
 Fatal hand, ii. 1  
 Fatal stroke, iii. d.s  
 Fear and envy, iii. d.s  
 Feed upon poison and be fat,  
   iii. 4

Fetch, sly, iv. 6  
 Fiddle strings, ind.  
 Fiddling tricks, ind.  
 Fig's end, but a, i. 3  
 Filthy, ind.  
 Filthy deed, iv. 5  
 Filthy sound, ind.  
 Fond (foolish), iv. 6  
 Foul actors, ii. d.s



- Malignant, ii. 1  
 Mark whereat foul murder  
   shot, iii. d.s.  
 Martyred me, iii. 1  
 Masque of devils, ii. 1  
 Massacre, iii. 1  
 Mazors, ii. d.s.  
 Measure for measure, iv. d.s.  
 Melpomene, madam, ind.  
 Mere innocent, iv. 6  
 Miraculous, iii. d.s.  
 Misdone, iii. 3  
 Mistrust, i. 3  
 Modest her looks, i. 2  
 Monstrous fashion, vile, iv. 5  
 Monstrous oaths, iv. 5  
 Most absolute, i. 3  
 Motion, ii. 3  
 Mountains will not cover it,  
   iii. 4  
 Murder's beadle, ind.  
 Murder, blood and, ind.  
 Murder and death, ii. 1  
 Murder most unnatural, iv. 4  
 Murder spurred this villian on  
   iii. d.s.  
 Muses, the, ind.  
 My eyes dazzle, iii. 1  
 Nailed him to a post, ii. 3  
 Neck, when in the, of this, i. 4  
 Need, it shall not, ii. 1 *bis*,  
   iv. 2  
 Need, you should not, i. 3  
 Night raven, ii. d.s.  
 Night, sable, ii. 1  
 Night, thick ugly, ii. 1  
 Noble wit, ind.  
 Notorious transgressors, iv. 8  
 Outlawry, iv. 1  
 Outrageous, iii. 3  
 Overweening, iv. 6  
 Painful, iv. 2  
 Pale, the English, i. 1  
 Palmistry, i. 4 *bis*.  
 Pampered flesh, iii. 3  
 Pass myself, ii. 3  
 Pass the ford, i. 1  
 Passing dry, iv. 7  
 Passion, drive her from this,  
   iii. 3  
 Past the use of speech, iii. 1  
 Peace with that drum, ind.  
 Peat, i. 1  
 Perfit, iv. 2  
 Perjuries, vile, iv. 5  
 Pig half-sticked, ind.  
 Pilch, leather, ind.  
 Pillory, iv. 6  
 Piteous plight, iii. 1  
 Plague upon 't, ind.  
 Play bills, ind.  
 Poison, able to, ind.  
 Poison, more infect than, iv. 8  
 Policy wit hath in store, iii. 4  
 Portentious vision, ii. 1  
 Poverty parts company, iii. 6  
 Prejudice your pleasure, i. 2  
 Presenters of my misery, iii. 4  
 Pretence of murder, iii. 4  
 Prevailing sin, iv. d.s.  
 Pride, detestable, iv. 5  
 Prodigious crimes, iv. d.s.  
 Prodigious for my lust, iii. 3  
 Profaned with wicked vows,  
   iii. 4  
 Promotion, ladder of, i. 4  
 Proper, iii. 2  
 Proper man, i. 3  
 Propitioner, iv. 8  
 Puling passion of a lover, ind.  
 Purple buskins, ind.  
 Quick capacity, i. 3  
 Quittance, i. 4  
 Quit that evil, i. 4  
 Quit your pain, i. 1, iv. 6  
 Quite your tale, iv. 3  
 Rack a thought, ind.



Rap the senses, ind.  
Ravenous wolf, iii. d.s  
Remission, iv. 8  
Remorse (pity), iii. d.s  
Reprobates, iv. 8  
Respective, ii. 1  
Resolve your doubt, i. 2  
Retain, iv. 8  
Rosa solis, i. 1  
Rosin, ind.  
  
Sabbath days, iv. 5  
Sacrament, iv. 5  
Sad distressed man, iii. d.s  
Safeguard of thy sinful soul,  
iv. 3  
Scandal to the world, iv. 8  
Scolds me off, ind.  
Scorned of the multitude, ind.  
Scornful nay, i. 2  
Scraping thus, ind.  
Screech-owl, ii. d.s  
Scriptures, ii. 5  
Scourge and lash, ind.  
Seal of thy destruction, ii. 1  
Secret malady, i. 1  
See how their wounds do  
gape, iii. 1  
Shallow unjudicial ears, ind  
Sheepskin, this brawling, ind.  
Shrewd suspicion, iv. 2  
Slain conscience, iv. 8  
Sluice out his life, ii. 1  
Sluiced forth sin, epi.  
Soap and water, iii. 2  
Solemn vow, ii. 3  
Spare not to speak, i. 1  
Sparks of wit, ind.  
Speak your conscience, ii. 3  
Speed, as I, i. 1  
Spital, sermons at the, ii. 2  
Spotless innocence, iv. 4  
Spurred this villain, iii. d.s  
Squib, ind.  
Stand thief or true man, ii. 2  
Standing, take our, ii. 3

Stews, common, iv. 5  
Stifles mine ears, ind.  
Store, i. 3  
Scoop unto the lure, i. 3  
Straight-laced, i. 1  
Stratagem, i. 4  
Studious and unsociable, iii. 1  
Subtle, i. 1  
Supple a stone, i. 1  
Surfeit, i. 1  
Swab, I shall, iii. 1  
Sword's, my, unfortunate, ii. 3  
Swound, iii. 1  
Swounds !, iv. 2

Tailor's bodkin, ind.  
Tainted, iv. 8  
Take off her skin, ind.  
Taste of any grace, iv. 8  
Temper your excessive grief,  
iii. 4  
Tempered like wax, i. 3  
Thief or true man, ii. 2  
Third time pays all, ii. 3  
'Tying eyes, iii. 3  
Time and scope enough, iv. 8  
Time, another, shall serve,  
i. 4, ii. :  
Time, some other, shall serve,  
ii. 1  
Timeless death, iii. 1  
Tobacco-pipe, ind.  
Touch of conscience, iv. 6  
Touch, unto the, iv. 8  
Touched with remorse, iii. d.s  
Touchy, ind.  
Torch-bearer, ii. 1  
Tottered ruins, iv. 8  
Towards, ind.  
Traced, ii. 3  
Tremble every joint, iii. 1  
Turquoise, i. 1  
Turn the leaf, iv. 8  
Tyranny, hangman to, ind.

Umberst. ii. 2

Unguilty, ii. d.s  
 Unhallowed deed, iii. 1  
 Unquenched in blood, ii. 1  
 Unquenched fire, iv. 8  
 Unrest, iv. d.s  
 Unsociable, iii. 1  
 Untimely, iii. 3  
 Unwary minds, iv. d.s  
 Ure, ii. d.s  
 Use, i. 2, 4, iv. 5  
 Used, i. 4  
  
 Vehemently suspected, iii. 5  
 Vengeance, cry out for, iii. 4  
 Vengeance, calling for, iii. 1  
 Vengeance, due, qualified, epi.  
 Venomed ulcer, epi.  
 Vild, i. 4  
 Vile murderer, iii. d.s  
 Vile transgression, iv. 8  
 Vindicta, ind.  
 Virtuous her aspect, i. 2  
 Vision, portentous, ii. 1  
 Vital thread of life, iii. d.s  
 Void the place, i. 3  
  
 Wade through blood, ii. 1  
 Wait (attend), ii. 1  
 Wakes slumbring justice, iv.  
 d.s

Wallowed in filth, iv. 5  
 Wandering travellers, i. 2  
 Wanton lust, iv. 3  
 Water-bearer's wife, i. 1  
 Waterman, ii. 3  
 We shall not need, iii. 5  
 Whereas, i. 4, iii. d.s  
 Whip you hence, ind.  
 Whining ghost, ind.  
 Whirligig, ind.  
 Whisp unto a scold, ind.  
 Wicked lust, iv. 8  
 Wilful sin, iv. 8  
 Will (command), iv. 3  
 Wis, i. 4  
 Woman's sin, a, iii. 3  
 Women love most, i. 1  
 Wonder's towards, what, ind.  
 Worrying of a cat, ind.  
 Wot of, i. 3  
 Wot of, matter you, ii. 3  
 Wounds, deadly, iii. 1  
 Wrings her hands, iii. d.s  
 Wringing hands, iv. d.s  
  
 Yield their guilty necks, iv.  
 d.s.  
 Yellow spots upon my fingers,  
 i. 4

# A METRICAL TABLE OF KYD'S PLAYS.

PLAY.	TOTAL LINES.	PROSE.	BLANK.	RHYME.	STOP'D.	UNSTOP'D.	FEM. ENDING.
SPANISH TRAGEDY.	2733.	75.	2362.	296.	2425.	234.	71.
JONSON'S ADD. TO.	320.	56.	254.	10.	235.	29.	31.
SOL. & PER.	2227.	348.	1801.	78.	648.	225.	183.
CORNELIA.	2037.	—	1287.	750.	1689.	348.	96.
JERONIMO.	1196.	67.	689.	440.	971.	158.	124.
ASCRIBED PLAYS.							
TAM. OF A SHREW.	1500.	335.	1145.	20.	1077.	109.	51.
KING LEIR.	2599.	194.	1979.	424.	2195.	201.	183.
ARDEN OF FEV'RSHAM	2409.	251.	2133.	24.	1973.	148.	109.
A WARNING.	2458.	261.	1969.	228.	2013.	284.	223.

The large amount of rhyme in *Cornelia* is due to the Choruses which are all in rhyme, and number 352 lines. The number of feminine endings in *Soliman & Perseda* are remarkable and make it look like Kyd's last play, and strike a curious parallel with *A Warning for Fair Women*. The number of feminine endings in *A Warning* and *Arden of Feversham*, is largely augmented by the names of some of the characters—Sanders, Arden, etc.,—which frequently occur as line terminations. The small amount of rhyme in *Arden* and *A Shrew* is very noticeable. The abnormal metrical peculiarities of *Jeronimo* are also striking when compared with Kyd's other plays, but I see no reason on that account to question, as others have done, the justness of its ascription to him. I look upon it as the earliest of his known plays.

A. F. HOPKINSON.

















ist.

